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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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After Four and Twenty Years

Immediately following the "Notes and Comments" in this number of The Theosophical Quarterly our readers will find an article of the highest interest and value, bearing the title: "Is Theosophy a Religion?" It first appeared as an editorial in *Lucifer* for November 1888, and, though it is unsigned, internal evidence shows conclusively that it is by the senior Editor of that journal, Mme. H. P. Blavatsky herself. It happens that the writer of the present "Notes and Comments" had the great privilege of knowing Mme. Blavatsky at the time this article was written, and thus had the opportunity to hear much that was said by her on the subjects discussed in this article; and thus to become familiar with the atmosphere of thought and feeling from which the article emerged. This gives it, for the present writer, an added personal interest, in addition to the deep and universal interest belonging to the treatment of such a theme by such an authority.

The interest, in this case, rests chiefly on two things: first, on the fact that Mme. Blavatsky has very eloquently and forcibly defined her position with regard to Theosophy and The Theosophical Society, and her understanding of the purpose with which The Theosophical Society was founded and the body of teaching associated with it was given forth; and, secondly, this editorial of four and twenty years ago is of vital interest because Mme. Blavatsky in it defines her position toward the great religions and religious Teachers of the world, and especially toward Christianity and its Founder.

Let us begin by reviewing the first of these two elements of vital interest. How does Mme. Blavatsky, in this old editorial, express her understanding of Theosophy? What is Theosophy, from her point of view, as there defined? Very characteristically, Mme. Blavatsky begins by telling us what it is not: characteristically, because a large part of the work of that dauntless pioneer was aggressive and destructive, in the sense

of being directed to the demolition, the sweeping away, of false ideas and false understandings, as jungle must be cleared away, to make way for fertile fields. This destructive period expresses itself in *Isis Unveiled,* in which the writer and her collaborators set themselves to attack and demolish the many false notions, barring the way to human progress and spiritual life, which made up so much of the materialistic science and dogmatic theology of that time, whether that theology had been built up by Christians or Buddhists or Hindus.

This period of destruction, of demolition, of attack, this clearing away of jungle and tangled overgrowths, was followed by an epoch of building; of positive, creative work. To the latter period belong the more positive and constructive parts of *The Secret Doctrine,* as distinguished from the critical and analytic essays directed against the errors of scientists; to it also belongs *The Voice of the Silence;* and finally, to this period of reconstruction belongs the formation of that "inner body" of the Theosophical Movement, which is alluded to, in the same number of *Lucifer,* November 1888, and also in *The Key to Theosophy.* We should always bear in mind that, in Mme. Blavatsky's relation to, and discussion of, Christianity, there are the same well-marked stages or periods: the destructive and the creative; and part of the lasting interest of the editorial we are considering, lies in the fact that, in it, both periods are represented. We have work of demolition, directed against the false overgrowths of Christianity; we have work of reconstruction, directed toward the revelation and restoration of the original teaching of its Founder.

But to go back to our point of departure. We have, first, a definition of Theosophy by negatives, a declaration of what Theosophy is not. Theosophy, says Mme. Blavatsky, is not a Religion. Theosophy is not an "ism." The Theosophical Society is not a sect, with a particular set of dogmas or beliefs. So far our definition of negatives. Let us try to make it more explicit. Theosophy is not a set of doctrines. It is not comprised, let us say, in the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation and the teaching of the unity of all souls with the Oversoul. These, taken together, do not constitute Theosophy.

Be it understood that the present writer is a firm believer in Theosophy; and is further, if this be of any interest to any reader of THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, a firm believer in Karma, in Reincarnation, and in the unity of all souls with the Oversoul. The present writer is, indeed, firmly convinced, and on what seems adequate evidence, that we may sometimes come to know of our past incarnations in detail, and with considerable color and vivacity; may even, should this

make for our spiritual well-being, gain some vision of incarnations to come. A firm believer, also, in the law of Karma and its operation, in little things and great, in the moving of motes and mountains, in personal idiosyncrasies and in the cyclic growth of worlds. A convinced believer, too, in the unity of all souls in the Oversoul; finding, indeed, therein the general hope of salvation. So that, as regards these three teachings, the writer of these "Notes and Comments" may hope to pass an examination even with the most orthodox.

Yet the present writer is deeply convinced that these doctrines: Karma, Reincarnation and the unity of souls with the Oversoul, do not constitute Theosophy; and that this is the kind of truth that Mme. Blavatsky is so anxious to convey, when she so eloquently and ardently, even passionately, affirms that Theosophy is not a Religion, not a sect, not a set of doctrines or dogmas.

The reason why Theosophy can never be said to be comprised in doctrines like Karma, Reincarnation and the unity of souls with the Oversoul, we shall see quite clearly when we come to Mme. Blavatsky's definition by affirmatives; when she comes to tell us, not what Theosophy is not, but what Theosophy is. "It is perhaps necessary," says Mme. Blavatsky, "first of all, to say, that the assertion that 'Theosophy is not *a* Religion' by no means excludes the fact that 'Theosophy *is* Religion' itself. A Religion in the true and only correct sense is a bond uniting men together—not a particular set of dogmas and beliefs. Now Religion, *per se,* in its widest meaning is that which binds not only all MEN, but also *all* BEINGS and all *things* in the entire Universe into one grand whole. This is our Theosophical definition of Religion." Let us draw the conclusion of our syllogism: Theosophy is Religion, and is, therefore, "that which binds not only all men, but also all Beings and all things in the Universe into one grand whole." Which makes it altogether clear why Theosophy can never be said to be a doctrine or a set of doctrines. That which binds all Beings together is the Oversoul, Brahma, Paramatma. The Oversoul is one thing. A doctrine, even a doctrine concerning the Oversoul, is a quite different thing.

It would be fair to say that Mme. Blavatsky is here making Theosophy something like the consciousness of the Oversoul, the wisdom of the Father, the "Mind of God," to use the phrase of Philo or of the ancient Chinese sages. No one will be daring enough, rash enough, to claim for any doctrine, any group of doctrines, that they are "the wisdom of the Eternal," "the Mind of God," in the full sense. If you feel tempted into such an assertion, go into the night, consider the quiet immensity of the stars, and learn reverence. Mme. Blavatsky was far

too wise, far too deeply religious, ever to claim, or think of claiming, that the doctrines she taught were "the Mind of God." And one may say, with entire confidence, that no Master, no group of Masters would ever claim that even the immensity of wisdom contained in their vast and luminous spirits fully represented "the Mind of God."

Beyond the utmost knowledge of the highest Masters remains, and will ever remain, the awful, inscrutable Mystery, before which the greatest spirit must bow as a little child, in silent adoration and reverence. The utmost that can be claimed for any doctrines, whether set forth by a disciple, or a Master, or a group of high Masters, is, that these teachings represent the mirroring of the Mind of God in these minds; represent their consciousness of the Divine Consciousness. But the vast Mystery still remains. Mme. Blavatsky paraphrases her affirmative definition thus: "Thus Theosophy is not *a* Religion, we say, but RELIGION itself, the one bond of unity, which is so universal that no man, as no speck, from gods and mortals down to animals, the blade of grass and atom, can be outside of its light." This should make it even more clear that Theosophy is not a doctrine, or a set of doctrines. Blades of grass are not held together nor illumined by doctrines: happy blades of grass!

Here is another of Mme. Blavatsky's affirmative definitions, and a very illuminating one: "The genesis of that WISDOM-RELIGION, in which all Theosophists believe, * * * * * * * * * has to be traced in its origin to those Beings who, led by Karma, have incarnated in our humanity and thus struck the key-note of that secret Science which countless generations of subsequent adepts have expanded since then in every age, while they checked its doctrines by personal observation and experience. The bulk of this knowledge—which no man is able to possess in its fulness—constitutes that which we now call Theosophy or 'divine knowledge.' Beings from other and higher worlds may have it entire; we can have it only approximately." Here, Mme. Blavatsky limits Theosophy somewhat; it is made the equivalent, not of the whole Mind of God, but of that part of it which is contained within the consciousness of the adepts of one system of worlds; yet even of that, how much has any single human being grasped? How much can any human being ever grasp? A cupful from the ocean.

So far, concerning the negative and the positive definitions of Theosophy, in the wise editorial which the editor of THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY has reprinted. Now concerning the second part of our inquiry: what does Mme. Blavatsky say of the world's religions, and their relation to Theosophy, thus defined? And here a word of general comment. Mme. Blavatsky mentions Mazdeism, Brahmanism, Bud-

dhism, Mahomedanism, Christianity. It would be most fitting if, in each case, adherents of these religions should speak for them, here, in the pages of THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY; it would be well, if each of them had its personal representatives, and many of them, in the ranks of The Theosophical Society. We have, of the great Oriental religions, few adherents. Why? Because, while the Society had many of each of these faiths, Mazdeism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Mahomedanism, and the writer of these Notes has known members of each, yet, at the present day, they are no longer in our ranks. The painful truth, and it may as well be stated plainly, is, that half the Oriental members failed to survive the shock of the attacks on Mme. Blavatsky; the residue disappeared in the stress of the attacks on W. Q. Judge.

But to come to our definitions. Both negative and affirmative elements are represented in the following: "It is from this WISDOM-RELIGION that all the various individual 'Religions' (erroneously so called) have sprung, forming in their turn off-shoots and branches, and also all the minor creeds, based upon, and always originated through, some personal experience in psychology. Every such religion, or religious offshoot, be it considered orthodox or heretical, wise or foolish, started originally as a clear and unadulterated stream from the Mother-Source. The fact that each became in time polluted with purely human speculations and inventions, due to interested motives, does not prevent any from having been pure in its early beginnings. There are those creeds—we shall not call them religions—which have now been overlaid with the human element out of all recognition; others just showing signs of early decay; not one that escaped the hand of time. But each and all are of divine, because natural and true origin; aye—Mazdeism, Brahmanism, Buddhism as much as Christianity."

We suppose it would be entirely logical and lawful to turn the last sentence round, and write it thus: "Each and all are of divine, because natural and true origin; aye—Christianity as much as Mazdeism, Brahmanism, Buddhism." Or is the "tolerance" of some of our readers not equal to that?

Now for our practical conclusion. If, as Mme. Blavatsky tells us, "Every such religion or religious offshoot, be it considered orthodox or heretical, wise or foolish, started originally as a clear and unadulterated stream from the Mother-Source," it would seem to be a part of the task of students of Theosophy to try, in the case of every such religion, (be it considered orthodox or heretical, wise or foolish,) to get back to the clear and unadulterated stream. Does Mme. Blavatsky, in her editorial, endorse this programme?

Let two quotations suffice. First, describing her own work in the *Secret Doctrine,* Mme. Blavatsky writes: "It was found indispensable to tear away all this mass of concreted misconceptions and prejudice which now hides the parent trunk of (*a*) all the great world-religions; (*b*) of the smaller sects; and (*c*) of Theosophy as it stands now—however veiled the great Truth, by ourselves and our limited knowledge. The crust of error is thick, laid on by whatever hand; and because we *personally* have tried to remove some of it, the effort became a standing reproach against all Theosophical writers and even the Society." Mme. Blavatsky thus declares that she has toiled terribly to lay bare the parent trunk, the living stem, of all the great religions: Mazdeism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Mahomedanism, Christianity. This is the necessary work of demolition, logically to be succeeded, in each case, by work of reconstruction.

Thus Mme. Blavatsky indicates the task which Theosophists should be busy at, in care of all the great religions, Mazdeism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Mahomedanism, Christianity. We should try to clear the living parent stem; try to find the pure stream, as it issued from the Mother-Source. Mme. Blavatsky gives us a third simile: If Theosophy were not *universal,* she tells us, it "would be but a word added to hundreds other such words as high sounding as they are pretentious and empty. Viewed as a philosophy, Theosophy in its practical work is the alembic of the Mediæval alchemist. It transmutes the apparently base metal of every ritualistic and dogmatic creed (Christianity included) into the gold of fact and truth."

Here, then, is Mme. Blavatsky's view of her task and ours. We all know something, and we should know more, of her tireless efforts to get to the clear stream, the living stem, the pure gold, of the great Eastern religions. The record of her work in that field is contained in her books, and, even more, in the early numbers of *The Theosophist.* We are also, many of us, familiar with her like effort to reach the pure stream, the stem, the gold, of Christianity, but it seems that only the negative part of that effort is known to some of our readers. If the Editor of THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY is willing, it may be both interesting and valuable to try to present to our readers the affirmative part; to show what, in the view of Mme. Blavatsky, is the clear stream, the living stem, the pure gold of the great world-religion which we know as Christianity.

IS THEOSOPHY A RELIGION?*

Religion is the best armour that man can have, but it is the worst cloak.—BUNYAN.

IT is no exaggeration to say that there never was—during the present century, at any rate—a movement, social or religious, so terribly, nay, so absurdly misunderstood, or more blundered about than THEOSOPHY—whether regarded theoretically as a code of ethics, or, practically, in its objective expression, *i. e.*, the Society known by that name.

Year after year, and day after day had our officers and members to interrupt people speaking of the theosophical movement by putting in more or less emphatic protests against theosophy being referred to as a "religion," and the Theosophical Society as a kind of church or religious body. Still worse, it is as often spoken of as a "new sect!" Is it a stubborn prejudice, an error or both? The latter, most likely. The most narrow-minded and even notoriously unfair people are still in need of a plausible pretext, of a peg on which to hang their little uncharitable remarks and innocently-uttered slanders. And what peg is more solid for that purpose, more convenient than an "ism" or a "sect." The great majority would be very sorry to be disabused and finally forced to accept the fact that theosophy is neither. The name suits them, and they pretend to be unaware of its falseness. But there are others, also, many more or less friendly people, who labor sincerely under the same delusion. To these, we say: Surely the world has been hitherto sufficiently cursed with the intellectual extinguishers known as dogmatic creeds, without having inflicted upon it a new form of faith! Too many already wear their faith, truly, as Shakespeare puts it, "but as the fashion of his hat," ever changing "with the next block." Moreover, the very *raison d'être* of the Theosophical Society was, from its beginning, to utter a loud protest and lead an open warfare against dogma or any belief based on blind faith.

It may sound odd and paradoxical, but it is true to say that, hitherto, the most apt workers in practical theosophy, its most devoted members were those recruited from the ranks of agnostics and even of materialists. No genuine, no sincere searcher after truth can ever be found among the *blind* believers in the "Divine Word," let the latter be claimed to come from Allâh, Brahmâ or Jehovah, or their respective Kurân, Purâna and Bible. For:

"Faith is not *reason's* labour, but repose."

* Reprinted from *Lucifer*, Volume III, No. 15. November 15, 1888.

He who believes his own religion on faith, will regard that of every other man as a lie, and hate it on that same faith. Moreover, unless it fetters reason and entirely blinds our perceptions of anything outside our own particular faith, the latter is no faith at all, but a temporary belief, the delusion we labour under, at some particular time of life. Moreover, "faith without principles is but a flattering phrase for wilful positiveness or fanatical bodily sensations," in Coleridge's clever definition.

What, then, is Theosophy, and how may it be defined in its latest presentation in this closing portion of the XIXth century?

Theosophy, we say, is not *a* Religion.

Yet there are, as everyone knows, certain beliefs, philosophical, religious and scientific, which have become so closely associated in recent years with the word "Theosophy" that they have come to be taken by the general public for theosophy itself. Moreover, we shall be told these beliefs have been put forward, explained and defended by those very Founders who have declared that Theosophy is *not* a Religion. What is then the explanation of this *apparent* contradiction? How can a certain body of beliefs and teachings, an elaborate doctrine, in fact, be labelled "Theosophy" and be tacitly accepted as "Theosophical" by nine tenths of the members of the T. S., if Theosophy is not a Religion?—we are asked.

To explain this is the purpose of the present protest.

It is perhaps necessary, first of all, to say, that the assertion that "Theosophy is not *a* Religion" by no means excludes the fact that "Theosophy *is* Religion" itself. A Religion in the true and only correct sense, is a bond uniting men together—not a particular set of dogmas and beliefs. Now Religion, *per se,* in its widest meaning is that which binds not only all MEN, but also *all* BEINGS and all *things* in the entire Universe into one grand whole. This is our theosophical definition of Religion; but the same definition changes again with every creed and country, and no two Christians ever regard it alike. We find this in more than one eminent author. Thus Carlyle defined the Protestant Religion in his day, with a remarkable prophetic eye to this ever-growing feeling in our present day, as:

> "For the most part a wise, prudential feeling, grounded on mere calculation; a matter, as all others now are, of expediency and utility; whereby some smaller *quantum* of earthly enjoyment may be exchanged for a far larger *quantum* of celestial enjoyment. Thus religion, too, is profit, a working for wages; not reverence, but vulgar hope or fear."

In her turn Mrs. Stowe, whether consciously or otherwise, seemed to have had Roman Catholicism rather than Protestantism in her mind, when saying of her heroine that:

"Religion she looked upon in the light of a ticket (with the correct number of indulgences bought and paid for), which, being once purchased and snugly laid away in a pocket-book, is to be produced at the celestial gate, and thus secure admission to heaven. . . ."

But to Theosophists (the genuine Theosophists are here meant) who accept no mediation by proxy, no salvation through innocent blood shed, nor would they think of "working for wages" in the *One Universal* religion, the only definition they could subscribe to and accept in full is the one given by Miller. How truly and theosophically he describes it, by showing that

". . . true Religion
Is always mild, propitious and humble;
Plays not *the tyrant,* plants *no faith in blood,*
Nor bears destruction on her chariot wheels;
But stoops to polish, succor and redress,
And *builds her grandeur on the public good.*"

The above is a correct definition of what true theosophy *is,* or ought to be. (Among the creeds Buddhism alone is such a true heart-binding and men-binding philosophy, because it is not a dogmatic religion.) In this respect, as it is the duty and task of every genuine theosophist to accept and carry out these principles, Theosophy *is* RELIGION, and the Society its one Universal Church; the temple of Solomon's wisdom,* in building which "there was neither hammer, nor axe, *nor* any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building" (I Kings, VI); for this "temple" is made by no human hand, nor built in any locality on earth—but, verily, is raised only in the inner sanctuary of man's heart wherein reigns alone the awakened soul.

Thus Theosophy is not *a* Religion, we say, but RELIGION itself, the one bond of unity, which is so universal and all-embracing that no man, as no speck—from gods and mortals down to animals, the blade of grass and atom—can be outside of its light. Therefore, any organization or body of that name must necessarily be a UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

Were it otherwise, Theosophy would be but a word added to hundreds other such words as high sounding as they are pretentious and empty. Viewed as a philosophy, Theosophy in its practical work is the alembic of the Mediæval alchemist. It transmutes the apparently base

* Whose 700 wives and 300 concubines, by the bye, are merely the personation of man's attributes, feelings, passions and his various occult powers: the Kabalistic numbers 7 and 3 showing it plainly. Solomon himself, moreover, being simply, the emblem of Sol—the "Solar Initiate" or the Christ-Sun, is a variant of the Indian "Vikarttana" (the Sun) shorn of his beams by Vishwakarma, his Hierophant-Initiator, who thus shears the Chrestos-candidate for initiation of his golden radiance and crowns him with a dark, blackened aureole—the "crown of thorns." (See *The Secret Doctrine* for full explanation.) Solomon was never a living man. As described in *Kings,* his life and works are an allegory on the trials and glory of Initiation.

metal of every ritualistic and dogmatic creed (Christianity included) into the gold of fact and truth, and thus truly produces a universal panacea for the ills of mankind. This is why, when applying for admission into the Theosophical Society, no one is asked what religion he belongs to, nor what his deistic views may be. These views are his own personal property and have nought to do with the Society. Because Theosophy can be practised by Christian or Heathen, Jew or Gentile, by Agnostic or Materialist, or even an Atheist, provided that none of these is a bigoted fanatic, who refuses to recognize as his brother any man or woman outside his own special creed or belief. Count Leo N. Tolstoy does not believe in the Bible, the Church, or the divinity of Christ; and yet no Christian surpasses him in the practical bearing out of the principles alleged to have been preached on the Mount. And these principles are those of Theosophy; not because they were uttered by the Christian Christ, but because they are universal ethics, and were preached by Buddha and Confucius, Krishna, and all the great Sages, thousands of years before the Sermon on the Mount was written. Hence, once that we live up to such theosophy, it becomes a universal *panacea* indeed, for it heals the wounds inflicted by the gross asperities of the Church "isms" on the sensitive soul of every naturally religious man. How many of these, forcibly thrust out by the reactive impulse of disappointment from the narrow area of blind belief into the ranks of arid disbelief, have been brought back to hopeful aspiration by simply joining our Brotherhood—yea, imperfect as it is.

If, as an offset to this, we are reminded that several prominent members have left the Society disappointed in theosophy as they had been in other associations, this cannot dismay us in the least. For with a very, *very few* exceptions, in the early stage of the T. S.'s activities when some left because they did not find mysticism practised in the General Body as *they* understood it, or because "the leaders lacked Spirituality," were "untheosophical, hence, untrue to the rules," you see, the majority left because most of them were either half-hearted or too self-opinionated—a church and infallible dogma in themselves. Some broke away, again, under very shallow pretexts indeed, such, for instance, as "because Christianity (to say Churchianity, or *sham* Christianity, would be more just) was too roughly handled in our magazines"—just as if other fanatical religions were ever treated any better or upheld! Thus, all those who left have done well to leave, and have never been regretted.

Furthermore, there is this also to be added: the number of those who left can hardly be compared with the number of those who found everything they had hoped for in Theosophy. Its doctrines, if seriously studied, call forth, by stimulating one's reasoning powers and awakening the *inner* in the animal man, every hitherto dormant power for good in

us, and also the perception of the true and the real, as opposed to the false and the unreal. Tearing off with no uncertain hand the thick veil of dead-letter with which every old religious scripture was cloaked, scientific Theosophy, learned in the cunning symbolism of the ages, reveals to the scoffer at old wisdom the origin of the world's faiths and sciences. It opens new vistas beyond the old horizons of crystallized, motionless and despotic faiths; and turning blind belief into a reasoned knowledge founded on mathematical laws—the only *exact* science—it demonstrates to him under profounder and more philosophical aspects the existence of that which, repelled by the grossness of its dead-letter form, he had long since abandoned as a nursery tale. It gives a clear and well-defined object, an ideal to live for, to every sincere man or woman belonging to whatever station in Society and of whatever culture and degree of intellect. Practical Theosophy is not *one* Science, but embraces every science in life, moral and physical. It may, in short, be justly regarded as the universal "coach," a tutor of world-wide knowledge and experience, and of an erudition which not only assists and guides his pupils toward a successful examination for every scientific or moral service in earthly life, but fits them for *the lives* to come, if those pupils will only study the universe and its mysteries *within themselves,* instead of studying them through the spectacles of orthodox science and religions.

And let no reader misunderstand these statements. It is Theosophy *per se,* not any individual member of the Society or even Theosophist, on whose behalf such a universal omniscience is claimed. The two—Theosophy and the Theosophical Society—as a vessel and the *olla podrida* it contains, must not be confounded. One is, as an ideal, *divine* Wisdom, perfection itself; the other a poor, imperfect thing, trying to run *under,* if not *within,* its shadow on Earth. No man is perfect; why, then, should any member of the T. S. be expected to be a paragon of every human virtue? And why should the whole organization be criticized and blamed for the faults, whether real or imaginary, of some of its "Fellows," or even its Leaders? Never was the Society, as a concrete body, free from blame or sin—*errare humanum est*—nor were any of its members. Hence, it is rather those members—most of whom will not be led by theosophy, that ought to be blamed. Theosophy is the soul of its Society; the latter the gross and imperfect body of the former. Hence, those modern Solomons who *will* sit in the Judgment Seat and talk of that they know nothing about, are invited before they slander theosophy or any theosophists to first get acquainted with both, instead of ignorantly calling one a "farrago of insane beliefs" and the other a "sect of impostors and lunatics."

Regardless of this, Theosophy is spoken of by friends and foes as a religion when not a *sect.* Let us see how the special beliefs which

have become associated with the word have come to stand in that position, and how it is that they have so good a right to it that none of the leaders of the Society have ever thought of disavowing their doctrines.

We have said that we believed in the absolute unity of nature. Unity implies the possibility for a unit on one plane, to come into contact with another unit on or from another plane. We believe in it.

The just published *Secret Doctrine* will show what were the ideas of all antiquity with regard to the *primeval instructors* of primitive man and his three earlier races. The genesis of that WISDOM-RELIGION, in which all theosophists believe, dates from that period. So-called "Occultism," or rather Esoteric Science, has to be traced in its origin to those Beings who, led by Karma, have incarnated in our humanity and thus struck the key-note of that secret Science which countless generations of subsequent adepts have expanded since then in every age, while they checked its doctrines by personal observation and experience. The bulk of this knowledge—which no man is able to possess in its fulness—constitutes that which we now call Theosophy or "divine knowledge." Beings from other and higher worlds may have it entire; we can have it only approximately.

Thus, unity of everything in the universe implies and justifies our belief in the existence of a knowledge at once scientific, philosophical and religious, showing the necessity and actuality of the connection of man and all things in the universe with each other; which knowledge, therefore, becomes essentially RELIGION, and must be called in its integrity and universality by the distinctive name of WISDOM-RELIGION.

It is from this WISDOM-RELIGION that all the various individual "Religions" (erroneously so called) have sprung, forming in their turn offshoots and branches, and also all the minor creeds, based upon and always originated through some personal experience in psychology. Every such religion, or religious offshoot, be it considered orthodox or heretical, wise or foolish, started originally as a clear and unadulterated stream from the Mother-Source. The fact that each became in time polluted with purely human speculations and even inventions, due to interested motives, does not prevent any from having been pure in its early beginnings. There are those creeds—we shall not call them religions—which have now been overlaid with the human element out of all recognition; others just showing signs of early decay; not one that escaped the hand of time. But each and all are of divine, because natural and true origin; aye—Mazdeism, Brahmanism, Buddhism as much as Christianity. It is the dogmas and human element in the latter which led directly to modern Spiritualism.

Of course, there will be an outcry from both sides, if we say that modern Spiritualism *per se,* cleansed of the unhealthy speculations which were based on the dicta of two little girls and their very unreliable

"Spirit"—is, nevertheless, far more true and philosophical than any church dogma. *Carnalised Spiritualism* is now reaping its Karma. Its primitive *innovators,* the said "two little girls" from Rochester, the Mecca of modern Spiritualism, have grown up and turned into old women since the first raps produced by them have opened wide ajar the gates between this and the other world. It is on their "innocent" testimony that the elaborate scheme of a sideral Summer-land, with its active astral population of "Spirits," ever on the wing between their "Silent Land" and our very loud-mouthed, gossiping earth—has been started and worked out. And now the two female Mahommeds of Modern Spiritualism have turned self-apostates and play false to the "philosophy" they have created, and have gone over to the enemy. They expose and denounce *practical* Spiritualism as the humbug of the ages. Spiritualists—(save a handful of fair exceptions)—have rejoiced and sided with *our* enemies and slanderers, when these, *who had never been Theosophists,* played us false and showed the cloven foot denouncing the Founders of the Theosophical Society as frauds and impostors. Shall the Theosophists laugh in their turn now that the original "revealers" of Spiritualism have become its "revilers"? Never! for the phenomena of Spiritualism are facts, and the treachery of the "Fox girls" only makes us feel new pity for all mediums, and confirms, before the whole world, our constant declaration that no medium can be relied upon. No true theosophist will ever laugh, or far less rejoice, at the discomforture even of an opponent. The reason for it is simple:—

Because we know that beings from other, higher worlds do confabulate with some elect mortals now as ever; though *now* far more rarely than in the days of old, as mankind becomes with every civilized generation worse in every respect.

Theosophy—owing, in truth, to the *levée in arms* of all the Spiritualists of Europe and America at the first words uttered against the idea that every communicating *intelligence* is necessarily the Spirit of some ex-mortal from this earth—has not said its last word about Spiritualism and "Spirits." It may one day. Meanwhile, an humble servant of theosophy, the Editor, declares once more her belief in Beings, grander, wiser, nobler than any *personal* God, who are beyond any "Spirits of the dead," Saints, or winged Angels, who, nevertheless, *do* condescend in all and every age to occasionally overshadow rare sensitives—often entirely unconnected with Church, Spiritualism or even Theosophy. And believing in high and holy Spiritual Beings, she must also believe in the existence of their opposites—lower "spirits," good, bad and indifferent Therefore does she believe in spiritualism and its phenomena, some of which are so repugnant to her.

This, as a casual remark and a digression, just to show that Theosophy includes Spiritualism—as it should be, not as it is—among its

sciences, based on knowledge and experience of countless ages. There is not a religion worthy of the name which has been started otherwise than in consequence of such *visits* from Beings on the higher planes.

Thus were born all prehistoric, as well as all the historic religions, Mazdeism and Brahmanism, Buddhism and Christianity, Judaism, Gnosticism and Mahomedanism; in short every more or less successful "ism." All are true at the bottom, and all are false on their surface. The Revealer, the artist who impressed a portion of the Truth on the brain of the Seer, was in every instance a true artist, who gave out genuine truths; but the instrument proved also, in every instance to be *only a man.* Invite Rubenstein and ask him to play a sonata of Beethoven on a piano left to *self-tuning,* one half of the keys of which are in chronic paralysis, while the wires hang loose; then see whether, the genius of the artist notwithstanding, you will be able to recognize the sonata. The moral of the *fabula* is that a man—let him be the greatest of mediums or natural Seers—is but a man; and man left to his own devices and speculations *must* be out of tune with absolute truth, while even picking up some of its crumbs. For Man is but a *Fallen* Angel, a god within, but having an animal brain in his head, more subject to cold and wine fumes while in company with other men on Earth, than to the faultless reception of divine revelations.

Hence the multi-coloured dogmas of the churches. Hence also the thousand and one "philosophies" so-called, (some contradictory, theosophical theories included); and the variegated "Sciences" and schemes, Spiritual, Mental, Christian and Secular; Sectarianism and bigotry, and especially the personal vanity and self-opinionatedness of almost every "Innovator" since the mediæval ages. These have all darkened and hidden the very existence of TRUTH—the common root of all. Will our critics imagine that we exclude theosophical teachings from this nomenclature? Not at all. And though the esoteric doctrines which our Society has been and is expounding, are not *mental* or *spiritual* impressions from some "unknown, *from above,*" but the fruit of teachings given to us by living men, still, except that which was dictated and written out by those Masters of Wisdom themselves, these doctrines may be in many cases as incomplete and faulty as any of our foes would desire it. The *Secret Doctrine*—a work which gives out all that can be given out during this century, is an attempt to lay bare *in part* the common foundation and inheritance of all—great and small religious and philosophical schemes. It was found indispensable to tear away all this mass of concreted misconceptions and prejudice which now hides the parent trunk of (*a*) all the great world-religions; (*b*) of the smaller sects; and (*c*) of Theosophy as it stands now—however veiled the great Truth, by ourselves and our limited knowledge. The crust of error is thick, laid on by whatever hand; and because we *personally* have tried to remove some of it, the

effort became a standing reproach against all theosophical writers and even the Society. Few among our friends and readers have failed to characterize our attempt to expose error in the *Theosophist* and *Lucifer* as "very uncharitable attacks on Christianity," "untheosophical assaults," etc., etc. Yet these are necessary, nay, indispensable if we wish to plough up at least *approximate* truths. We have to lay things bare, and are ready to suffer for it—as usual. It is vain to promise to *give* truth, and then leave it mingled with error out of mere faint-heartedness. That the result of such policy could only muddy the stream of facts is shown plainly. After twelve years of incessant labour and struggle with enemies from the four quarters of the globe, notwithstanding our four theosophical monthly journals—The *Theosophist, Path, Lucifer,* and the French *Lotus*—our wish-washy, tame protests in them, our timid declarations, our "masterly policy of inactivity," and playing at hide-and-seek in the shadow of dreary metaphysics, have only led to Theosophy being seriously regarded as a religious SECT. For the hundredth time we are told—"What good is Theosophy doing?" and "See what good the Churches are doing"!

Nevertheless, it is an averred fact that mankind is not a whit better in morality, and in some respects ten times worse now, than it ever was in the days of Paganism. Moreover, for the last half century, from that period when Freethought and Science got the best of the Churches —Christianity is yearly losing far more adherents among the cultured classes than it gains proselytes in the lower *strata,* the scum of Heathendom. On the other hand, Theosophy has brought back from Materialism and blank despair to belief (based on logic and evidence) in man's *divine* Self, and the immortality of the latter, more than one of those whom the church has lost through dogma, exaction of faith and tyranny. And, if it is proven that Theosophy saves one man only in a thousand of those the Church has lost, is not the former a far higher factor for good than all the missionaries.

Theosophy, as repeatedly declared in print and *viva voce* by its members and officers, proceeds on diametrically opposite lines to those which are trodden by the Church; and Theosophy rejects the methods of Science, since her inductive methods can only lead to crass materialism. Yet, *de facto,* Theosophy claims to be both "RELIGION" and "SCIENCE," for theosophy is the essence of both. It is for the sake and love of the two divine abstractions—*i. e.,* theosophical religion and science, that its Society has become the volunteer *scavenger* of both orthodox religion and modern science; as also the relentless Nemesis of those who have degraded the two noble truths to their own ends and purposes, and then divorced each violently from the other, though the two are and *must be one.* To prove this is also one of our objects in the present paper.

The modern Materialist insists on an impassable chasm between the two, pointing out that the "Conflict between Religion and Science" has ended in the triumph of the latter and the defeat of the first. The modern Theosophist refuses to see, on the contrary, any such chasm at all. If it is claimed by both Church and Science that each of them pursues the truth and *nothing but the truth,* then either one of them is mistaken, and accepts falsehood for truth, or both. Any other impediment to their reconciliation must be set down as purely *fictitious.* Truth is one, even if sought for or pursued at two different ends. Therefore, Theosophy claims to reconcile the two foes. It premises by saying that the *true* spiritual and primitive Christian religion is, as much as the other great and still older philosophies that preceded it—*the light of Truth*—"The life and the light of men."

But so is the *true* light of Science. Therefore, darkened as the former is now by dogmas examined through glasses smoked with the superstitions artificially produced by the Churches, this light can hardly penetrate and meet its sister ray in a science, equally as cobwebbed by paradoxes and the materialistic sophistries of the age. The teachings of the two are incompatible, and cannot agree so long as both Religious philosophy and the Science of physical and external (in philosophy, *false*) nature, insist upon the infallibility of their respective "will-o'-the-wisps." The two lights, having their beams of equal length in the matter of false deductions, can but extinguish each other and produce still worse darkness. Yet, they can be reconciled on the condition that both shall clean their houses, one from the human dross of the ages, the other from the hideous excrescence of modern materialism and atheism. And as both decline, the most meritorious and best thing to do is precisely what Theosophy alone can and *will* do; *i. e.,* point out to the innocents caught by the glue of the two waylayers—verily two dragons of old, one devouring the intellects, the other the souls of men—that their supposed chasm is but an optical delusion; that, far from being one, it is but an immense garbage mound respectively erected by the two foes, as a fortification against mutual attacks.

Thus, if theosophy does no more than point out and seriously draw the attention of the world to the fact that the *supposed* disagreement between religion and science is conditioned, on the one hand by the intelligent materialists rightly kicking against absurd human dogmas, and on the other by blind fanatics and interested churchmen who, instead of defending the souls of mankind, fight simply tooth and nail for their personal bread and butter and authority—why, even then, theosophy will prove itself the saviour of mankind.

And now we have shown, it is hoped, what real Theosophy is, and what are its adherents. One is divine Science and a code of Ethics so sublime that no theosophist is capable of doing it justice; the others

weak but sincere men. Why, then, should Theosophy ever be judged by the personal shortcomings of any leader or member of our 150 branches? One may work for it to the best of his ability, yet never raise himself to the height of his call and aspiration. This is his or her misfortune, never the fault of Theosophy, or even of the body at large. Its Founders claim no other merit than that of having set the first theosophical wheel rolling. If judged at all they must be judged by the work they have done, not by what friends may think or enemies say of them. There is no room for *personalities* in a work like ours; and all must be ready, as the Founders are, if needs be, for the car of Jaggernâth to crush them *individually* for *the good of all.* It is only in the days of the dim Future, when death will have laid his cold hand on the luckless Founders and stop thereby their activity, that their respective merits and demerits, their good and bad acts and deeds, and their theosophical work will have to be weighed on the Balance of Posterity. Then only, after the two scales with their contrasted loads have been brought to an equipoise, and the character of the net result left over has become evident to all in its full and intrinsic value, then only shall the nature of the verdict passed be determined with anything like justice. At present, except in India, those results are too scattered over the face of the earth, too much limited to a handful of individuals to be easily judged. Now, these results can hardly be perceived, much less heard of amid the din and clamor made by our teeming enemies, and their ready imitators—the indifferent. Yet however small, if once proved good, even now every man who has at heart the moral progress of humanity, owes his thankfulness to Theosophy for those results. And as Theosophy was revived and brought before the world, *viâ* its unworthy servants, the "Founders," if their work was useful, it alone must be their vindicator, regardless of the present state of their balance in the petty cash accounts of Karma, wherein social "respectabilities" are entered up.

"The most modest little pond can reflect a picture of the sun, if it is absolutely at rest in itself."

CARLYLE.

FRAGMENTS

TO-DAY is the day of psychic dreams, and on all planes. The material world by one turn of revolution is to become a paradise; and the joys of Earth, not raised to Heaven, but the power of Heaven dragged down to minister to Earth. So the materialists. But are the "spiritually minded"—I use a phrase I heard in this connection the other day—who float in cloud-land visions and sounds and fancies, who deny the stern facts of life, and who often ignore its duties, less dreamers than these? Quietly, unknown, unthanked, the real workers for Humanity toil on, winning by self-sacrifice and self-discipline a footing for the world to climb by, while far, far beneath, least known perhaps to those who cry it most, the mighty stream of spiritual life is gathering for its flood.

And so men prate of the Inner Life! Strange fantastic twistings has this great truth received, this kernel of truth; for to-day forsooth the truth must be made to fit the mind, not the mind expanded to the truth!

Where is the Inner Life? Is this change in material employment the difference between an inner and an outer life? These hours of vain striving to keep the mind on one spiritual thought—is this meditation? The truth lies deeper than the mind, deeper often than the heart—untrained, and therefore often unresponsive. The truth itself when materialized is lost; for everything material is lost. What is materiality but death?

Affairs of the outer life, or circumstances there, do not affect the inner Life at all—only it affects them, in that living an Inner Life a great Light shall shine forth through all you do or say, and the colourless trivialities of your daily round shall be illumined from within, and glorified. Therefore no need for this concern with outer doings; for this Light, inwardly burning, shall bring of itself a subtile change in act and word, which of yourself alone you never could have wrought.

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Remember to look for the Warrior who shall fight. Therefore the first step is one of retreat, the first force constrictive. For we cannot enter upon the Path until we have found the Gate, and that Gate is in the heart;—in each man's heart for himself; which, passing through, he travels upon a road, broad as the Universe, reaching upward to the stars, from the hell he has left behind.

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Leave details aside: they quickly fall into line when great principles have command and engage the thought and energy. For great prin-

ciples are not material but immaterial. Nor is Soul Life found in the activities of the body or brain, which can never, rightly used, be more than vehicles and expressions. I feel the hopelessness in what I say of reaching some of the souls I long to reach, the more that they know by heart the form of words that I must use. They have made a drug of them with which to deepen their slumber, and brighten it with dreams. Alas! that dreams should be that which is most real, and what you call the "waking life" a shadow and illusion. All that is real in it, all that gives it semblance of truth, is the admixture of Soul life,—only a drop with some, but forming the centre for their fancy to weave about; making pictures and images; and lost in contemplating these, they forget all else and finally deny the possibility of other forms of existence; grasping the shadow, lose the substance, and sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. That is true of almost everyone, not alone of the ordinary man, but of would-be disciples. Indeed, with these latter it is worse, for the reason I have touched on, that higher things are materialized, dragged down to everyday levels, and great truths forgotten or misunderstood. The empty form of words remaining is again taken merely as a starting point for the delightful game of fancy or shadow-making, which the psychic mind so fondly plays. And thus the awakening power they had is lost and another effort fruitless.

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After all these years of work, of enormous sacrifice and expenditure of force, with countless activities and an ever swelling army of candidates, tell me how many disciples are there? How many who lead the Inner Life? Each heart in silence may question itself, and answer whether its name could be enrolled among the few.

O! Humanity, too long, too long have you wandered in the gardens of material existence, plucking flowers which faded in your hands, and whose very picking you paid for in the cruel sting of thorns. Know you not there is another garden where flowers far more beautiful never fade, nor are you torn in grasping them. O! Humanity too long, too long you linger on the way.

O! slumbering souls awake!

CAVÉ.

THE SNAKE DANCE

A RELIGIOUS CEREMONIAL

THERE is a special zest in approaching so bizarre a rite as the Hopi Snake Dance armed with the conviction that behind and above every religious manifestation is the same spirit of divine truth. The title savors of barbarism, and the popular accounts which periodically appear in print dwell always on the weird horror of the spectacle with small effort to explain or comprehend.

Our eighty mile drive through the Navajo reservation has made us subtilely aware of the distrust and hostility latent in a people still essentially savage, but immediately on entering Hopi-land our curiosity grows hopefully inquisitive. Their frank welcome and confiding friendliness convince us that here is a diametrically differing race. Surely there must be ethical standards worthy of search or the common village life to which we are at once cordially admitted could not so abound in gentle consideration, in kindly interest and spontaneous gaiety. Their self chosen name signifies "The Good People" and on every side we see it corroborated; in the gentle old men caring for the brown babies, in the soft-voiced little girls guiding with such anxious solicitude the footsteps of the blind grandmothers—so many are blind!—in the generous hospitality and the cheerful industry of the house-holders.

Some one, Huxley, I believe, has said "Goodness is wisdom; add beauty and it is religion," and if this be true the goal has surely here been achieved. The beauty is obvious, unalloyed, constant, from the moment the climb begins through the patiently fostered fields and orchards, up the rock-worn trail with the tiny stone sheep corrals on either hand, to the picturesque adobe village on the mesa-top. Loveliness lurks at every turn of the narrow stone streets which twist between the terraced houses, —in the shapes and colors of the pots which their great creative artist, the old Nampejo is painting,—in the pretty fabrics being woven on the looms, even in the primitive implements for grinding, sifting and baking the precious meal. Apparently the entire community-life is devoted to adding beauty to the native goodness.

It is in the light of such impressions that we approach our study of the Snake Dance, or more properly speaking, the dramaturgy of the Sun-serpent Myth. Briefly stated, it is an elaborate nine-day prayer for rain "that the crops may ripen and our children have food,—then afterwards that we too may have to eat." The reptiles bear their part in it as the wise Elder Brothers who, living underground, have intimate relations with the spirits of the springs and the germinating seeds.

As long as Christian nations deem drouth a fit subject for united supplication, we can but regard tolerantly a like effort made by a simple people whose very lives are in actual peril from this perpetual menace of their climate, while real respect is due the entailed sacrifice, faith and prolonged concentration. Strange as is the ritual, it is closely bound by a rigid symbolism of color, form and number to a very beautiful myth whose underlying ideas of the serpent's wisdom, of the earth-mother, or spider-woman spinning her fateful thread, of the sun-father's vigor and power, are by no means alien to us.

The dramatization is conducted jointly by the Snake and the Antelope lodges, two of the many hereditary clans into which the Tusayan people are subdivided, and takes place every other year in each of the principal Hopi villages, alternating with the less famous but no less lovely Drama of the Blue Flute. This summer Walpi and Mishongovi were the stage of the Snake people, Oraibi and Cuñopavi of the Flute clan. Although only the events of the eighth and ninth days are performed publicly, the entire ceremony has been witnessed by patient scientific observers who gained the trust of the Indians and were freely admitted to the underground kivas. Detailed accounts of the proceedings may be found in the reports of the Ethnological Bureau and of the Field Columbian Museum.

Broadly generalizing, the first seven days are devoted to preparation and consecration. The altars, symbolizing the rainclouds and lightning, serpents of the four world quarters, are carefully painted with colored sands; always yellow for the North, green or blue for the West, red for the South and white for the East. Prayer emblems, called Pa-hos, are constructed and after being endowed with a breath-body or spiritual double, by means of ceremonial smoking, talismanic words and the sixteen traditional songs, are deposited at the surrounding shrines on the plains. The bearers, never breaking their running pace, describe on each of four successive days a complete sinistral circuit about the mesa. The farthest shrines are visited on the first day, "because the rain gods dwell afar," and on each succeeding day the circuit is contracted "that the gods may likewise so approach, the dry river-beds be swollen with water and the farmers hear the pattering of rain." Four days are also given to the capturing of the snakes, the hunt to the North, East, South and West, taking each a day in turn; afterward these formidable Elder Brothers must perforce undergo the priestly purification by water, smoke and breath before being duly laid upon the altar.

On the mornings of the eighth and ninth days, we are awakened long before dawn by the long call of the crier above on the house-top, announcing respectively that the Antelope and the Snake races will occur at sunrise. The Antelope is shorter and less strenuous than that of the Snakes, which is considered much the more important of the two. Be-

ginning some five miles out on the plain, it is participated in by about forty youths. Through the dusk of dawn the runners, silent and intent, slip forth to the place of meeting, and just at sun-up the starter having four times drawn with meal the symbolic raincloud sign across the trail, the race begins.

It is wonderfully beautiful to see—the splendor of the level morning light, the tense brown bodies with their steady spring through the deep sand and their light bounds up the sheer cliff to the kiva-top where are awarded the prizes, charms insuring fertility to the winner's field.

In the late afternoon of these two culminating days occur the spectacular public dances. They are alike in character except that the Antelope ceremony lacks the wild dramatic element of the living serpents. In each there is the solemn processional of priests and the same fine contrast of massed color, the Antelopes all in white and blue both as to paint and costume, the Snakes rich in threatening red and black, and leading each the same isolated figure of the asperger in heavy white homespun, fresh garlands of green cottonwood leaves on head, wrists and ankles. On each occasion the contrasting lodges draw up facing each other in opposing lines and for upwards of half an hour engage in intricate antiphonal songs and dance steps, rhythm and melody suggesting much which the words fail to convey. But on the ninth day, in place of quietly disbanding, the Snake Priests divide into groups of three. One of each group in turn thrusts his hand into the kisi,—a bower of fresh cottonwood branches, where up to this point the Elder Brothers have lain confined and concealed—and seizing a serpent thrusts it between his teeth with the head pointing towards his right, and stoically disregardful of its writhing protest, marches once about the court, when a second serpent is seized and replacing the first is treated in like manner. The second member of the group, marching with arm about the neck of the first, strives to keep the snake in good humor by dint of continual stroking and tickling with an eagle feather. The third member gathers the reptiles as they either wriggle themselves free or are voluntarily dropped at the close of a circuit.

It is an unbelievable sight, yet we accept it with strange lack of concern. The spirit of the place, remote, unworldly, primal, has gripped one too forcibly to permit the domination of twentieth century standards; our real excitement comes with a glow of contagious gratitude at the actual sudden crash of thunder, flash of lightning and the drenching torrent which fairly floods the court. The gods have given quick proof that the sacrifice has been accepted and that they found "no hearts to be bad nor thoughts to have left the straight path."

When the ceremonially attired manas, charmingly picturesque maidens, with their huge whorls of black hair *en* squash-blossom coiffure, have duly powdered the last reptile with offerings of sacred meal, a

circle, likewise of meal, is drawn upon the pavement. Into this the entire mass of squirming, writhing snake-dom is cast. Immediately the priests rush upon them and each seizing a double handful speed down the rock trail and deposit them, dazed but free, on the plain. Fraught with meaningful messages they wriggle their way whence they came.

The last rite of the Younger Brothers is a final purification, this time by means of a powerful emetic prepared secretly by the elder-women of the clan. It was once surmised to be an antidote to the bites which assuredly sometimes occur, but later evidence agrees in finding it wholly of religious purport.

General rejoicing and merry-making follow. The long fast of the priests is broken by an Homeric feast. From every side come laughing manas bearing great wicker trays piled high with melons and corn, with roasted kid and great heaps of the pretty piki, gossamer sheets of corn-meal baked with deft skill on polished stone slabs.

While games and contests of skill are being proclaimed for the following day, we make our way lingeringly through the friendly, gay multitude and down to our camp beneath the low arching peach trees, delighting in the new damp smell of the earth and the luminous opalescent light of the afterglow, yet with one eye warily cocked lest some silent Elder Brother should elect to wend his homeward way by the light of our blazing fire!

The legend which follows, abbreviated from Mr. A. M. Stephens' translation, is given as the best guide to the meaning of the dramaturgy, but it can well stand alone, a true myth, passed orally from generation to generation, of a people without written literature.

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Far down in the lowest depth of the Colorado Grande is the Si-pa-pu, the orifice where we and the white men and all people came up from the Below.

The mothers carrying the children on their backs went forth to gather seeds and prickly pear for food, while Morning Dove flew overhead spying out the springs and calling us to come. Some followed and built their houses at the waters he found and are still called after him, the Morning Dove People. The Horn People, the Sand People and others were led by Puma to the Navajo Mountains where they also built houses and lived many days, but the clouds were thin, rain came seldom and the corn was weak.

The eldest son of the Chief was called Ti-yo, the Youth. He seemed always melancholy and was wont to haunt the edge of the cliffs. Day by day he would sit there gazing down into the deep gorge, wondering whither the ever-flowing water went, and where it finally found rest. He questioned much, saying, "It must flow down some great pit into the

underworld, for after all these years the gorge below never fills, and none of the water ever flows back again," and his father made answer, "Perhaps it goes so far away that many old men's lives would be too short to mark its return."

At last one day Ti-yo declared that he was constrained to go and solve the mystery and to this end he hollowed out a great cotton-wood log in which he might be enclosed and so float away with the river. For sustenance his mother ground him meal, while his father prepared prayer-emblems called pa-hos; a long one bound on a single willow-wand was for Spider-Woman; four shorter ones bound on twin blue wands were for the Ancient of the Six (the Indian's six cardinal points), for the Woman of the Hard Substance (the genius of wealth and precious stones), for Ta-wa the Sun, and for Mu-i-yin-wuh, Maker of Life-germs. Together with these he placed down from the thigh of an eagle.

When all was ready Ti-yo was sealed into his floating box by means of small twigs and piñon-gum and away it sailed, bobbing up and down over smooth waters and swift rushing torrents, plunging down cataracts and spinning through whirlpools where black rocks protruded their heads like angry bears. At last it came to rest on a bank by the edge of a great water, and scarcely had Ti-yo disengaged himself and stepped forth when beneath his feet he heard a faint sound of "Hist—hist" repeated four times. Looking down he perceived a small round hole and from it spoke the voice of Spider-woman, saying, "You, the long-expected are here; my heart is glad; come down into my house." "But the entrance," answered Ti-yo, "is too tiny even to admit the point of my toe," yet as in obedience he placed his foot upon the hole it widened out and he easily passed down into a roomy kiva.

He at once presented Spider-woman with the large pa-ho and after thanking him she added, "I can be seen or I can become invisible. I go everywhere and know all things. I know whence you come and whither you go. Your heart is good. I have prepared food for you;" and she gave him to eat. During four days he dwelt there; then Spider-woman directed him to go next to the Snake-house, promising to accompany him throughout his journeyings, perching invisible on the tip of his right ear, where inaudible to all others she would whisper to him her promptings. She also gave him the medicine-charm, called Na-hu, a little of which he should put on the point of his tongue and spurt at the Angry Ones who guard the entrances of rooms.

With the fluttering eagle-down as a guide he travelled northwest till he came to a kiva guarded by a huge serpent at the top, and two fierce bears at the foot of the hatchway. All of these, subdued by the Na-hu bowed their heads and allowed him to descend. Here the walls, roof and floor were decorated with snake-skins, while men garbed in snake-skins were squatted on the ground about a sand altar. None spoke

nor was any sound heard in that gloomy chamber. On Ti-yo's displaying a pa-ho the chief merely nodded and motioned him toward the Si-papu, down which he passed immediately into the cheerful Snake-Antelope kiva. Here everything was white and cheerful and men, gay with colored garments and bright plumes, were seated about a beautiful sand altar.

All gave him welcome, and their chief, after carefully scanning the blue pa-ho which Ti-yo offered him, accepted it and laid it upon the altar. In thanking him he added, "I cause the rain-clouds to come and go, and ripening winds to blow, and I direct the coming and going of the mountain animals. Ask what gifts you desire, and you shall receive."

Prompted by the whisper of Spider-woman and guided by the fluttering eagle-down, Ti-yo then resumed his journey to the edge of a great water, in the midst of which he spied the long tips of a ladder projecting from another kiva roof, the abode of the Woman of the Hard Substance, built on a scrap of floating land. By means of the medicine-charm and the eagle-down the waters were parted on either hand and he came with dry feet to an entrance guarded by two angry pumas. On these he likewise spurted the Na-hu and they lay down on either side of the ladder saying, "Never before have we let a stranger live who came here, but now we know that your breath is pure and your heart is brave;" and stepping between them he descended. The ladder was covered with glittering shells and the inside of the room was resplendant with turquoise and coral. On the floor a very old woman was seated, quite alone. Her eyes were dim, her hair gray, her skin deeply wrinkled, her mantle old and dingy, but Spider-woman whispered, "This is the kind mother, of tender and generous heart; when she lays aside her robe, she becomes an enchanting maiden, and she is arrayed with splendor at dawn." Immediately Ti-yo stepped forward and offered a pa-ho, and after examining it she said, "This was made by one who knows. I thank you." Whereupon she proceeded to prepare a food of corn-pollen in a large turquoise bowl, explaining, "This will be ready for you and the Father when he comes, that you may eat and depart undelayed;" and as Ti-yo, to be also in readiness, drew forth another pa-ho, the Sun, with the noise of a mighty lightning-bolt, came rushing down through the air and alighted on the roof. Entering, he hung up his beautiful shining shield and it cried "cling-a-ling" as it dangled against the wall. His garment of white buckskin, trimmed with fringes of jingling shells, was thick and heavy because it is very cold in the sky region, and it had many pockets to contain all the pa-hos which he found set for him during his day's travel. Great numbers of these he laid before the old woman, who scrutinized and sorted them; part she put aside with the right hand. "These are from the folk of good heart," she said, "and I will send them what they ask; but these," and she cast

many away with her left hand, "are from liars and deceivers; they hurt my eyes."

Then the Sun took from his right wrist the scalps of those slain in battle to the right of his path, from his left wrist those who had fallen to the left, and the old woman wept and bewailed, "My heart is sad, it pains me as I look upon you, I long for my people to live at peace."

After scanning narrowly Ti-yo's prayer stick the Sun said, "It is well, my friend, my relative, my son,"—and filling a great turquoise pipe they smoked from it and partook of the corn-pollen food.

Then Ti-yo firmly grasping the girdle of the Sun, they sped away together and as a lightning flash sank to the lowest underworld, the home of Mu-i-yin-wuh. Here a host of eager toilers passed back and forth, up and down, all working with anxious haste. Mu-i-yin-wuh inspected closely the offered pa-ho and promised always to heed the wishes of its maker, adding that at his command were made the seeds of all vegetation, of all animals and of men; all that swarming multitude were ceaselessly busy at this task, the largest and handsomest among them being the earnest and industrious, while the stunted scraggy creatures were the careless and lazy.

In the same fashion as before, Ti-yo holding tightly by the Sun's girdle, the two sped upward and Eastward to the palace of the Sun-rise and alighted at the Sun's house, a beautiful kiva like that in the West, but rosy red in color, while the food bowl from which they ate was of polished pink stone. No woman lives in that lodge; Ta-wo and his brother Tai-o-wa alternately occupy it. Four days Ta-wo carries the shield across the heavens, then rests in the kiva while Tai-o-wa performs the allotted task.

Here Ti-yo learned many things, was strongly admonished to remember all he had seen, and was finally taught to make the Great Sun Pa-ho; by this his eyes would be opened; thenceforward he would know all people, and looking into their hearts could comprehend their thoughts. As a token he straightway heard the mourning of his family beseeching him to return. The Sun added, "I counsel you that your most prized blessing will be the rain-cloud from the Snake-Antelope lodge." Then swiftly he bore him once more toward the house in the West, showing him all the world until the hour of Sun-set.

There was still the yellow light of evening as Ti-yo approached the Snake-Antelope kiva where for four days more he listened to the teaching. In farewell the chief said,—"Here we have rain and corn in abundance; in your land there is but little. Fasten these prayers in your breast; these are the songs you shall sing and the pa-hos you shall make. Then when you display the white and black upon your bodies, the clouds will come. Two maidens possessing the charm against our death poison shall accompany you," and, enveloped in fleecy clouds like a

mantle, the three were borne gently to the home of Spider-woman who in turn gave further instructions during four days time, charging him to keep secret all he had learned, revealing it only to those whose hearts he should prove. After placing the youth and the maidens in a wicker pannier, she vanished up the hatchway, and presently there floated down a filament which drew them softly up into the white clouds above. So enfolded, they were wafted on and on till the Navajo Mountain was beneath, when the filament gradually lengthened and they were lowered to the ground. The maidens were received into the house of the chief and there remained four days while bridal gifts were prepared. On the fifth day they emerged, one to follow Ti-yo to the Snake-Antelope kiva, the other his brother to the Snake kiva, and it was announced that in sixteen days their feast would be celebrated. Thus it is that even now the Snake ceremony is proclaimed sixteen days in advance.

On the fifth evening and for three succeeding evenings, low clouds trailed over the mountain, and from them trooped the folk of the underworld into the lodges where they partook of corn-pollen fare and then mysteriously vanished. In the morning they were in the valley metamorphosed into reptiles, and the Snake maidens bade that they should be gathered in, ceremonially bathed, and allowed to dance with the youths.

The order was obeyed and at sunset a house of meal was constructed; within it the reptiles were laid and all the tribe cast prayer-meal upon them; whereafter their Younger Brothers of the Snake clan again carried them reverently to the valleys whence well pleased, they returned to the underworld bearing gladly the supplications of the people.

Even thus, from that far-off time till the present day do we entrust our prayers for rain to the Elder Brothers. The chief of the Blue Flute family also comprehends these mysteries, for long ago when the Horn People separated from us, we imparted our knowledge to him that it might serve his tribe in time of need. It is for this reason that now, since we have again come together in one place, guided thither by a fire flitting about the base of this mesa and by the counsels of Morning Dove, they of the Flute sometimes lead in the ceremony, while we of the Snake sit behind, but our prayers and our songs have both the same intent.

"The uncle of my uncles," concluded the narrator, "spoke with one tongue and this is the story that he told."

A. E.

LETTERS TO FRIENDS

III

DEAR FRIEND:

IT was good to see you. That was my feeling as you came in last night, after these long years of absence. It was still more my feeling, as our talk lengthened and I felt again the charm of your shy expansiveness. It was good to sit and talk with you, even of the surface things. But it meant far more to me, when here and there you lifted, as of old, some corner of the veil of your soul. For I love that soul.

And yet when you left me, late as it was, I continued to sit,—musing, if the truth be told, upon my love and hopes for you. Sometimes the light of love is terribly clear, and so it was that I did not need your letter of this morning to know that all was not well with you,—had not been well through all these years. You see we had been thinking together,—though the end of our thought was not the same.

You know me too well to expect me to deny your self-accusations. I would be doing you a poor service did I try to dim your realization of all your life lacks, of the empty vanity of what you have sought, and found so sterile of happiness. Rather would I make your realization still more keen, for even now you but half recognize it; and in the covered places of your mind there lurks the thought that had you been willing or able to seek more whole-heartedly the pleasures of worldly life you might have found content. You will never be able to seek them whole-heartedly, for your heart has heard the call of the insistent silences of the soul. "In His Will is our peace." Against that Will you cannot pit your own; outside the Path to which it leads you will never find content. Life itself has brought you to the Portals from which none can turn back save to unrest and deepening misery. "It is useless to pause and weep for a scene in a kaleidoscope which has passed."

And yet you weep; weep for the lost zest of your early youth, for your impotence in the hands of fate, for the years that are gone and have left no gift, for your lessening genius, and the vista of dead level commonplace through which your road seems to stretch endlessly ahead. You weep,—though even from me you hide your tears,—and you say you are but another of life's failures. And in so saying you are a coward.

Let us face the fact. You have, measured by your own standard, failed. Of your hopes, ambitions, ideals, how many have come to fruition? And of those few, which one has not proved bitter and unnour-

ishing? Before the hunger of your own heart you stand with empty hands.

By the world's standard you have failed. Place, fame, riches, are not yours,—nor little else which the world admires and for which it gives its coveted rewards.

And by God's standard you have failed; again and yet again, continuously throughout the years. The good you willed was but half done; the evil that you turned from still drew you to itself. In the stillnesses when the flame of your soul burned clear, no philosophy of the world, no extenuating comparison, has sufficed to veil its light or hide you from yourself. You have failed, and know that you have failed, and you call yourself a failure. And I tell you again that in so saying you are a coward.

But there is that in you which is no coward. Call upon it now. Have you been all your life the prey to conflicting emotions, contradictory desires, volitions arrayed one against the other, without learning from your own experience, that there is no force, no power, no tendency or quality in this wide universe or in heaven or in hell that is not also in your own heart and nature? It is for you to choose upon which you will call. If cowardice is there, so also is dauntless courage. If you have yielded to weakness, lethargy, self-indulgence, you have known also self-sacrifice and the red glow of aspiration, which you turned from lest it kindle into a consuming flame. All are your servants,—to come or go at the bidding of your will. But they must hear a command; not a weak whimper of entreaty. You have never learned to command yourself. Begin and learn it now by banishing from your mind this craven surrender to the past, this thought of the hopelessness of effort for the future.

Was there ever a success worth the gaining that did not have its origin in failure? Is there a single human achievement that has been won by any other means than through the endurance of defeat until we had wrested from it the secret of victory? Did you learn to speak, or walk, or write, or even to digest your food, in any other way than through repeated failure? Yes, you have failed. But only when you will no longer endure failure do you become yourself what you will not endure. We are only beaten when we cease to fight.

The coward in us makes its sullen answer that it does not wish to fight. To what purpose, it asks, is all this ceaseless striving? Where is the joy of combat if we always are at war with ourselves; if whichever way the battle goes, we must be the conquered no less than the conquerors? The price of victory it deems too great, even were victory attainable. And it denies that victory is attainable. If we point to the achievement of others, it answers that they were more fortunate; they had not our complex and many sided natures. So Arjuna argued with

Krishna. So the young man of great possessions turned sorrowfully from the Master beyond Jordan.

There is profound significance in that latter phrase. The coward is always "sorrowful." There is no joy in the shameful *laissez faire* which he counsels. There is not even freedom from pain,—as you know well. And there is joy in effort, peace in battle, though we be beaten endlessly. This, too, you know. Why do you turn wilfully from the knowledge which is your own?

"He went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions." There is depicted your life from the beginning to this day. Great, and greatly to be valued possessions have been yours,—each one so greatly valued by you that you would sell none to gain greater. What else was your keen power of enjoyment, your quick instinctive response to the appeals of all sides of your nature, but such riches as you would not leave? To no one thing could you give yourself completely; and grasping for all, all have escaped your hands, or turned to dust beneath your touch.

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls; who when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it."

The kingdom of heaven is the kingdom of our happiness. We shall never enter it until we find one thing for which we will give all else, to which we can give ourselves without reserve, our life and all we are, whole-heartedly, irrevocably. You say you have never found that thing. But the truth is that you have found it a thousand times, though never the courage and the will to make it your own at the price you must pay for it. You have never dared to venture all upon the hazard, and have turned your eyes away lest you be tempted despite yourself.

Now, when you feel all else to have failed you, this, the greatest of all, is still within your reach. Will you still turn from it, clinging to the mere shells whose emptiness your life has proved? The Master stands always at the Gate of Failure. He stands there now beside you, offering you the reality of all the shadows you have grasped in vain, calling you to the Great Adventure, pleading with you that at last you should face your own heart and recognize the pathway to your joy.

All these years you have been seeking life. He calls us that we may have life and have it more abundantly. You have sought it in the husk and rind of things. Life flows and grows from within. You have sought joy,—in circumstance, environment, events. Joy is a spirit, an uprushing of the heart from sources in its depths. He would unseal those depths, that your joy may be full. In Him is all that you have sought. He calls you to the Way, the Truth and the Life.

You answer that you do not know the Master. It is true; but your soul knows Him, and you, even as you are, have heard His call. You hear it now whenever you will listen, whenever you silence your mind

and enter the stillness of your soul. Be no longer afraid of that stillness. In it is the evidence of His presence. And as you listen to its wordless voice, the meaning of what you hear will grow clearer and you will see your way.

"The Way exists. Knowledge exists and is obtainable." And as you seek it you will find it. The time will come when you will thank God for the love which has stripped you of all that you now mourn, and brought you to the Gate of Failure, which is the Gate of Life,—and of knowledge of the Master.

In the heart and soul of you, you are no coward. And the Warrior within you has heard the call to arms. Obey that call. In the past you have thought of it as summoning you away from all you cared for, from all the colour and vividness and gaiety of life. You have felt, and felt rightly, that it was no voice to be trifled with or to which a half obedience could be given. It demanded all or nothing, and because you were not ready to give all you closed your ears. Is your life now so dear to you that you will still turn away?

Look out upon the world about you and see who are those that are happy. In each and every case you will see that their happiness is rooted in something deeper and greater than themselves,—in some form of love and service and self-surrender. To seek happiness alone is to pluck a flower from its stem, to hold it a moment in our hands, only to watch it fade and die. And even while we held it we knew that it was not our own, that it was something we had plucked, not some blossoming of our own heart. How can our hearts blossom if they have no root, if they do not draw to themselves, and through them to the whole organism, the life-giving currents of the soul? In literal truth, without self-surrender the heart lives only by feeding on itself. And to the possibility of this there is an end.

Is self-surrender so drab and negative a thing as you have thought it? Look back over your own life to its keenest and most vivid moments. Each one was a moment of self-surrender, when you were taken wholly out of yourself by something greater than yourself. Do you remember standing with me years ago before the picture of Napoleon at Friedland, and saying that these days of peace had no sensation to offer comparable to what a man must feel in such a charge of cavalry, reckless of life and death, carried out of himself by his cause and his leader? That is self-surrender. That is obedience. It is to that, to such keenness and intensity of living, that the soul and the Master call us. And yet we think of obedience as drab and grey, and cling to the petty and the trivial.

You will never be lifted from yourself by the lesser things you have sought. No one of them has the power to unify your divided life, or to kindle into flame the embers of your will. You know that, now, if you

will but face your knowledge. Nor will your spirit be content to remain inactive, masterless and causeless, while the great issues of the Master's warfare are being fought out about you. You are summoned to His standard.

If you answer that the summons is vague and confused—that you do not know what is asked of you or where your post may be,—I reply that you have but to listen to find your orders grow clear and imperative, and that your present post is precisely where you now are. When you have brought your own heart to His allegiance, when you seek to hear and to fulfil His orders for the round of your daily duty, then perhaps you may be summoned to some greater field. But what you will discover first is that your present field is far greater than you know, that wherever you may be you are face to face with issues before which those of life and death are insignificant. You do not need to change your place. You need only to change the focus of your vision. And as you come to see life as it is, you will perceive, not that you have outworn it (as you think); not that you have failed and are a failure (as you write); but that never have you entered into it, never begun to live.

This is why I said at the beginning of this letter that, though we had been thinking together, the end of our thought was not the same. To you it seemed that life was closed and outworn. With me was the knowledge that it lay all before you, that at last, weary of playing and living with shadows, you would turn to your waiting destiny and to the reality of the soul. The Way exists,—for you, as for all men; and at its portals you will find your orders for the path ahead, and with them the power for their fulfilment. "Seek and ye shall find. Knock and it shall be opened unto you." And if I can help you in any way—as I know I can if you will let me—write or come to see me whenever you will.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

"Study Wisdom as if you were Eternal and Immortal:
Do your Duty as if Death already had you by the hair."

FROM THE SANSKRIT.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

WHEN the key to a man's life lies untouched at his hand for years without his even turning his head to see what that unknown object may be, the question that first presents itself is rather "Why did he not see it?" than why he finally did. Misunderstandings, which a few questions would have removed, kept me for many years from joining the Theosophical Society. This is written in the belief that some of these same misunderstandings are widespread, and in the hope that it may help bring to others an opportunity to gain peace and joy. The opportunity lies waiting at their call as it lay for years at mine until unconsciously to myself the Infinite Care and Patience that has guided my life brought me to it.

I have been more or less familiar with the existence of the Theosophical Society for many years. One of my best friends was absorbed in it and through him from time to time I heard of the Society and something of the theories held by many of its members. I thought them very reasonable, very logical, but unfortunately reason has always seemed to me a much overrated faculty. That a given theory is logical is so poor a ground for adopting it. For the world to be round is truly a preposterous thing. A number of learned mediæval gentlemen proved most logically and convincingly that it was flat. The imposing logical structures built on Rousseau's *Social Contract* convinced the 18th century, but the 19th most inconsiderately kicked the props from under it. Had Achilles and the tortoise remained in the realm of metaphysics the tortoise would, I am convinced, be still leading in the race. Each age demolishes the pet theories of its predecessor and founds its own upon a rock, until the storm comes and the rain falls and the little, overlooked premise crumbles away. The truth is that reason and the universe do not get on very well together and consciously or unconsciously all men must decide between them. I early grasped the fact that I had a finite mind in an infinite universe. Did space go on for ever or did it stop somewhere? My reason said it did one or the other and then flatly refused to conceive of the possibility of either alternative. In most clashes of reason with the universe one has at least the option of blaming the universe but I could not very well lay the blame on space, so reason was forced to bear it. Thereafter I suspected that if any plan of creation could get within the limits of my mind, that very fact went far to prove the plan finite and no true representation of the infinite. Distrustful of my

ability to pick out the one faulty premise I saw little for me to gain by investigating theories.

But they did seem reasonable, the few that I heard. How the apparent injustice of the world melted before the idea of reincarnation, according to man's needs and deserts from former lives. Surely the soul that is immortal to-day was immortal yesterday and all yesterdays, as all to-morrows. Surely if our earth is but one two-millionth of that part of the universe that our poor physical eyes can see, it is not reasonable to suppose that that earth happens to contain the most highly developed beings in existence. The chances are just two million to one against it. When my Theosophical friend told me that he knew of people who could see and hear at a distance, I was not convinced. Coincidences and illusions deceive at times the most sincere and truthful. But I saw no reason for positive disbelief. I could hear a thousand miles myself by picking up a rubber instrument plus some wire and nine dollars, so why deny the possibility of its being done without the instrument and the dollars? My mind was open and I fear only mildly interested. It wasn't very important and I could not see that there was anything for me to do about it, whether they could do these things or whether they could not.

The really important thing to me was the attitude toward Christianity of the few members of the Theosophical Society that I happened to know. Here a few questions would have saved me much misunderstanding, but strangely enough I never asked them. I knew that the Society sought the truth back of all religions in the belief that every great religion that had endured, must, to have lived, contain something of truth. Academically one could not help agreeing with this. Practically I felt that I was a Christian, blessed with some measure of faith and loyalty. It was a faith of intuition, not reason. My reason was satisfied that the wonderful, complex universe of law was the product, as all laws, human, physical or spiritual, must be the product, of Intelligence and Will. Further, that as a guide to a true judgment of the essential beneficence and justice of the universe, a cross-section of seventy years out of the eternal progress of an immortal soul was as useless as a cross-section drawing of a locomotive to a savage who had never seen a piece of machinery. So reason, thus obligingly committing suicide by convincing itself of its own impotence, left my intuition a clear field.

Intuitively I had faith in God, in His goodness, and that Jesus Christ, His Son, had given His life to save men. How, I did not pretend to know. Inarticulately I felt that I was a Christian, His follower and owed Him loyalty. Any hint that the founder of any other religion could be remotely compared to Him I resented instinctively as disloyalty. Theosophical writings, which to be sure I never read, spoke constantly of Krishna, Christ, Buddha; and theosophical conversations which I did

near, did the same thing. Also the theosophists of my acquaintance never went to church. Neither did I, except occasionally, but somehow it failed to occur to me that our real reason might be the same—that so little of the spirit of Christ was to be gained there. My immediate reason was indolence, theirs I vaguely supposed to be chiefly lack of belief in the value of prayer. Strangely enough this wild misconception persisted for years.

All this is my recollection of unformulated feeling of ten to fifteen years ago. Then as a result of what seemed a chance remark made by an acquaintance to my father, I travelled for some years. In that time I learned many things, something of toleration, which my friends, with more unanimity than politeness, tell me I needed badly, of obedience, of the difference between the man and his acts, of widely differing moral codes, but of theosophy as such, nothing.

On my return I devoted to my friends and to outdoor sports whatever surplus energy was left me by my somewhat strenuous business. Now and then my theosophical friend would, with great tact, drop ideas into my mind, and watch while, unconsciously to myself, their inherent truth and power colored my entire thought. I heard too a number of religious discussions participated in by men of keen intellect and widely differing beliefs, clergymen, scientists, laymen, agnostics and some theosophists. The discussions were conducted by all with a single-minded desire to arrive at the truth rather than to prove one's own point. They brought out many interesting things, the fundamental faith of the scientists, the logical superiority in argument of those with faith over those who lacked it, (the agnostic being visibly shaken and brought to say, "Almost thou persuadest me"); but above all they brought out in the theosophists, deep devotion and spirituality combined with mental power in an exceptional degree.

The next year my personal affairs caused me great worry and anxiety. One among many acts of sympathy from my theosophical friend was the gift of a copy of the *Bhagavad Gita*. Its wonderful peace gripped me as no printed words had ever done. It made me wish above all that I could bring to the beautiful words of the Gospels the same freshness with which I read the *Gita*. In part it helped me to do this, for it illumined passages that before had been quite meaningless to me. I found nothing contrary to the spirit of Christianity, much that supplemented, deepened and vivified my own faith. Its deep peace, beauty and devotion, its sure faith, left no doubt of its inspiration. In my enthusiasm I presented copies—which they did not read—to all my friends. If the Theosophical Society was engaged in making known to the Western World such works as that I most certainly was in hearty accord with at least one of its objects. I asked for a copy of its constitution. "Universal Brotherhood," "The truth in all religions," "An

investigation of the higher powers of man." Why, all the world could join that Society and the world for years had heaped ridicule and abuse on its members! Now, to be sure, its ideas had largely triumphed and much of the storm was over. There was, however, plenty of misinformed ridicule left; and I joined the Society regretting that I had not done so when the fight was hottest and its few members had had to stand the storm almost alone. In joining I was actuated partly by my appreciation of a small piece of the work the Society was doing, but chiefly by my friendship for some of its members and as a kind of protest against the injustice of the general attitude toward the Society.

That done I did nothing further. I knew the Society held meetings but the idea of attending and hearing what I presumed would be a feminine discussion of religion had no charms for me. That, to be sure, was a ripple on the surface. The real reason, I fancy, was the unformulated half-conscious feeling that with the ideas of the *Bhagavad Gita* there was for me no half-way resting place. It would be a life's devotion or nothing. With the magnificent grandeur of those ideas there could be no playing. Complete renunciation of the fruit of all works was but the least of the four ways of reaching the Master, suggested in pity for those whose weakness rendered the three higher ways beyond their power.* Lacking knowledge of the theosophic ideal of first doing completely those duties that lie nearest at hand and to which we have been born, renunciation appeared, vaguely and most untheosophically as the abandonment of friends, personal duties and amusement, with the shadowy outline of a settlement house in the back-ground. Something within me held me back whenever the question of a further study of theosophy arose in my mind. Not yet. Cowardice perhaps, or like St. Augustine I was willing to pray to be reformed "but not yet and not too completely." Be that as it may, I was held back by something which I was never able to define.

The anxieties passed. Business prospered beyond my hopes and at the same time came other duties and responsibilities which there could be no question of abandoning. Singularly blessed in all ways, with friends, health, capacity for enjoyment, I had all man could ask of the world. Here by all the rules I should say: "But I was not satisfied." But I was, completely, so far as I knew.

About this time I began to search for a religious church. Sermons on service to one's fellows, on organized charity, parish activities, politics, morality, most eloquently and convincingly delivered, were to be had in plenty. Sermons on theology, carrying no conviction even when not quite meaningless to me, I also found. But spirituality and the Gospel of the Living Christ were sought with little success, due in part I dare say to my own lack of understanding. Finally I went to a

* *Bhagavad Gita*. Book XII, 6-11.

small Episcopal Chapel in a very unfashionable neighborhood, and sought no further.

It was very simple, but the atmosphere was one of deep devotion. There was preached with a beauty and power beyond my ability to describe, yet with a simplicity that a child could understand, the wonderful truth of the Living Christ, not gone two thousand years ago to some far away heaven, but here at hand on earth, not figuratively but in literal truth; the Gospel of an undying, ever present love that stretches forth its hands and calls to us to follow, that we may have life and have it more abundantly; that happiness lies not in outward circumstance, but in character and inner attitude; that all that comes to us, misfortune, grief or joy is the gift of love did we but see and accept it.

Through all and above all there was evident a passionate devotion to the Master, Jesus Christ, beyond the power of words to express. Sentences that I had heard unheeding from childhood took life and meaning there. After the first day I never willingly missed a Sunday. The preacher was a theosophist and among the congregation were those theosophists who years ago I had thought never went to church.

At this same time a guest of mine, not a theosophist, expressed a desire to attend a meeting of the Theosophical Society. As a matter of politeness I went also. I do not recall the particular subject that was discussed that evening. I do know that it was not phenomena, auras, telepathy, spiritualism or any one of the similar things that arise in the mind of the average newspaper reader when he hears the word "Theosophy"; for in the years that I have attended the meetings of the Society I do not remember ever having heard one of these even mentioned there. It was, as always, some fundamental aspect of life viewed in the light of Theosophy. The spirituality, the purity and beauty of the theosophic ideals and the power with which they were presented, made a deep impression on me. Whence came the power of these people, their serenity, their high ideals and sure faith?

That is how, largely in ignorance, I came to join the Society. A much more interesting question is, as one member recently put it, "Why do I continually rejoin?" or why would I join now if I had it to do again.

First and far above all other reasons, because there is to be found a deep devotion to Christ, an understanding of and faith in His precepts hard to find in the churches. The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand, Seek and ye shall find, Ask, and it shall be given unto you. That, on this side of death, those willing to pay the price may find, in literal truth, the Master and His kingdom, may see His face and hear His voice as He was seen and heard nineteen hundred years ago, is the sure faith of many among the members. And the price: "He who seeketh to save his

life shall lose it and he who giveth his life for My sake shall keep it unto life eternal."

Obedience, selflessness and love. Not that we should seek to save our own souls, but to do His will because it is His will; the ideal, not of conscious unselfishness but of self-forgetfulness, striving to serve Him, leaving ourselves and our fortunes to Him in the sure knowledge that our feeble love is but the faint reflection of His mighty love for us. Sure too, once we have trusted ourselves to Him, of His deep longing that we may find happiness and joy, that all that comes to us thereafter, be it pain, or loss, or grief, is needed for our happiness and contains His gift of love if we will but look for it.

Through the Theosophical Society one is privileged to come in contact with this faith. Needless to repeat neither this nor any other belief is the belief of the Society, but it is the spirit to be found there. Individual members believe what they will.

To me it has brought the belief that the soul of man is not only immortal but divine, proceeding from, and, after its pilgrimage, returning to God. Further that the foundation of the universe is love, obscured and complicated by free will. With the gift of free will to man no power in earth or heaven interferes. Though the physical accomplishment be hindered, we may will what we will, always, at all times, and in all circumstances.

So we may will to go forward on our pilgrimage; or backward; but, immersed in, and blinded by matter as we are, we are not left without a guide. Each step forward that the soul takes on its return toward God brings it something of joy, of peace and happiness.

At each misstep a voice within first warns us gently, very gently, like the voice of infinite tenderness. If we disregard the gentleness, the Angel of Pain, no less the voice of infinite tenderness, lays his hand on us to turn us back. We still persist, crying out against the cruelty of life, and the pressure grows stronger and stronger until at last we turn, not only outwardly but completely in our hearts.

This is no affair of three score years and ten.

> "The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath elsewhere had its setting"

and, unfortunately comes trailing more than clouds of glory. Tendencies, faults and weaknesses, our misdirections of life's forces within us, must be straightened out. Each one is born into that environment which he, the soul, most needs, which will help him most toward his goal. What he aspires to do in the present builds his character, determines what he will need and so what he will receive in this or a future life. How slowly we learn the plainest lessons and how rich life is in lessons to be

learned! Seventy years, or seven times seventy, will not complete our lesson, nor fit us for an eternity of heaven or hell.

The key to all life is that the infinite Love and Justice of the universe, while respecting the right of the blinded divinity in man to freedom of choice, gives him for guidance what he most needs for his own ultimate happiness. His material welfare or misery at any given time is of slight importance provided he be learning and so advancing ever so little toward the happiness that does not pass away. We have little pity for those who toil unremittingly, joylessly, for a day or a year if we see that at the end of that time they will win success, wealth, leisure. So, if we regard each life as but a day in the journey of the soul, the whole perspective and scale of values changes. What traveller in the desert, hurried on by the need of water, would spend his strength in piling up by his resting place at night treasure that he could not carry with him on the morrow? Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, in that kingdom of heaven that is within us, in our souls. For what the soul gains of obedience, of power, of truth, of love, it keeps. The incidents from which they were learned pass from our memories, but the powers themselves once gained are ours for all eternity.

A great peace comes to him who knows and who holds fast to his knowledge that all that comes to us or to others, is planned by Infinite Love to help man to that final bliss to which, in the fullness of time, all will come. Peace comes from faith, faith from love and our strongest love is but the faint reflection of the burning personal love of the Master for us. "We love because He first loved us." "Ask and ye shall receive."

ROLAND PAGE.

With meekness, humility and diligence apply yourself to the duties of your condition. They are the seemingly little things which make no noise that do the business.

HENRY MORE.

THE STORY OF ADAM AND EVE

IN THE NEW TESTAMENT

IN trying to realise the thought, feeling and aspiration of the people of Palestine in the time of Jesus, with the desire to understand the thought of Jesus himself, we are influenced, perhaps, more than we realise by the form of the English Bible as we are familiar with it. We are led to think of the period described by Matthew as following and growing out of the period of Malachi, thus failing to remind ourselves of the profound change which passed over the life and thought of the Jews between the time when Malachi announced the coming of the messenger and Matthew's record that the messenger had come. If we used the Septuagint, or even some of the older English editions, we should be reminded that after the last prophet delivered his message, the peoples of Palestine, with the whole Eastern shore of the Mediterranean, had been almost transformed by Hellenic influences, spiritual and material, flowing from the campaigns and conquests of Alexander the Great.

Very largely, perhaps, because we omit the Apocryphal books, we come to think of the life and times of the New Testament following with hardly a break upon the Old; whether it be the material energies of the period of the kings, with their ever present tendency toward idolatry, or the passionate fervor of the prophets, poured forth in protest against idolatry and materialism. If we turned over the pages of the first book of the Maccabees, we should at once be reminded of Alexander's invasions and conquests, and the founding of the Greek empire, with its revolutionising influence over Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, Palestine and Egypt. And in books like the Wisdom of Solomon, or the Wisdom of Jesus the son of Sirach, we should find, perhaps, many traces of Greek feeling and Greek thought, with a view of ethical immortality nowhere very clearly set forth in the canon of the Old Testament, but very beautifully taught by Plato. We should remember also that the Jews, during the centuries immediately before the birth of Jesus, had spread eastward as far as Mesopotamia, northward almost to the shore of the Euxine, westward among the isles of Greece, and even as far as Rome, where they had their own colony, and southward into Ptolemaic Egypt. In most of these regions they came into contact with Greek thought, and, returning to Jerusalem to bring gifts to the temple, or to celebrate the great feasts of their religion, they of necessity brought something of the atmosphere of Hellas to the hill of Zion. Perhaps Philo Judæus and Flavius Josephus, the one coming immediately before

the mission of Jesus, and the other immediately after, are our best witnesses to the fascination which the poets and philosophers of Greece exercised over the best minds of the Jews. Both, writing in Greek, quote the Greek poets and the Hebrew prophets side by side, and one of Philo's great arguments for the unity of God is the Homeric verse:

οὐκ ἀγαθόν πολυκοιρανίη εἷς κοίρανος ἔστω
"A multitude of kings is not good." (Iliad, ii, 204.)

Philo of Alexandria represents the strongest and most luminous stream of thought in Judaism just before, and during, the lifetime of Jesus. He sets forth his views of life and of the world in a wonderful series of treatises which have the general form of a running commentary on the Old Testament. Philo was saturated with Greek philosophy, holding closely to the world-concepts of the Stoics, but above all, perhaps, he was a follower of Plato. He held Plato's view that this visible universe of hills and sea and sky is but the outer presentment and veil of another and finer universe, invisible to the bodily eyes, but visible to the eyes of the mind, for the mind itself is an inhabitant of that finer universe, and of its essence. This idea is closely akin to the view which is coming to dominate our best science, which divines the invisible ether as the dwelling-place of all forces, and as the womb of matter and of all material things.

For Plato, and for his ardent disciple Philo, there was first an invisible universe, immortal, incorruptible, to be perceived not by the outer senses but by the intellect, which is indeed an inhabitant of that imperishable, invisible world; and after the model of the invisible world the visible world was made, the corruptible in the likeness of the incorruptible. Philo was so saturated and possessed with this idea that things visible are but the outer husk and shell of things invisible, that he takes such outward things as histories, traditions, nay, the very doings of prophets and kings, as being themselves symbols, allegories, figures of finer, impalpable realities. In this spirit Philo bends his whole energies, the powers of a fine intellect and a lofty soul, to the interpretation of the Old Testament narratives in the spirit of Plato's philosophy, dissolving, as it were, the solid realism of the Semitic records in the sea of imagination and pure thought.

We can take no more vital and important illustration of this allegorising method of Philo's than the story of Adam and Eve and the Fall; first, because of the great place which this story has been made to occupy in our theology, and, second, because it is precisely this story which has been made the point of attack in the campaign of materialistic and destructive criticism which followed the discoveries and theories of Darwin. It is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of thousands of thoughtful people have turned away from a traditional belief in Chris-

tianity, because they feel convinced that the work of Darwin and his fellow-labourers has proved that the story of Adam and Eve and the Fall is a fable, while they had been taught by the doctors of theology to think of it as the foundation-stone of the plan of salvation, the correlative of the Redemption.

We are, therefore, led to ask whether this story was so regarded by the writers of the New Testament; and, most of all, whether it was so regarded by Jesus himself. We can best approach the solution of this question through the thought and writings of Philo Judæus.

For Philo, the story of Adam and Eve and the serpent takes its natural place in his complete system of allegorical interpretation. But first he points out, what is often allowed to sink into the background, the fact that we have in the opening chapters of Genesis two wholly distinct accounts of the creation of man. There was first, in the ordered sequence of creative Days, the making of man in the image of God, and then, as a subsequent event, the formation of the man Adam from the red earth. Philo holds that the man first created, in the image of God, was a spiritual and invisible being, a part of that divine prototype or model of the universe, which he calls the Logos, the Word, or rather the Mind of God. And he beautifully illustrates this archetypal world by picturing a powerful king setting about to found a city, and giving the work into the hands of a wise master-builder or architect. The whole plan of the future city is first formed in the mind of the architect: the streets, the walls, the harbour, the market-place, the dwellings; then this invisible city is gradually made manifest in the visible city built by the workmen of the king according to the wise master-builder's plan. So the first universe, immortal, invisible, incorruptible, dwells in the Mind of God, in the Logos; and of this invisible universe, the first man, made in the likeness of God, is a part and an inhabitant.

After this, (says Philo), Moses says that "God made a man, having taken clay from the earth, and breathed into his face the breath of life." And by this expression he shows most clearly that there is a vast difference between the man generated at this point, and the first man made in the image of God. For man as formed at this point is perceptible to the external senses, partaking of qualities, consisting of body and soul, male or female, by nature mortal. But man made in the image of God was an idea perceptible only by the intellect, incorporeal, neither male nor female, by nature immortal.[1]

Philo comes next to the story of the Fall. It is said, he tells us, that the old poisonous and earthborn reptile, the serpent, uttered the voice of a man. And he on one occasion coming to the wife of the first created man, reproached her with her slowness and her excessive prudence, because she delayed and hesitated to gather the fruit which

[1] Philo Judæus, "On the Creation of the World," ch. 46.

was completely beautiful to look at, and exceedingly sweet to enjoy, and was, moreover, most useful as being a means by which men might be able to distinguish between good and evil. And she, without any inquiry, prompted by an unstable and rash mind, acquiesced in his advice, and ate of the fruit, and gave a portion of it to her husband. And this conduct suddenly changed both of them from innocence and simplicity of character to all kinds of wickedness; at which the Father of all was indignant. For their actions deserved his anger, inasmuch as they, passing by the tree of eternal life, the tree which might have endowed them with perfection of virtue, and by means of which they might have enjoyed a long and happy life, preferred a brief and mortal (I will not call it life, but) time full of unhappiness; and, accordingly, he appointed them such punishment as was fitting.

And these things, comments Philo, are not mere fabulous inventions in which the race of poets and sophists delights, but are rather types shadowing forth some allegorical truth, according to some mystical explanation.

Applying this most valuable and fruitful principle, that the characters in the story of the Fall are types, allegorical characters to be interpreted mystically, Philo goes on to give his own interpretation of the story.[2] The serpent, he says, is the symbol of self-indulgence, of pleasure, because it crawls, feasts on clay and has poison under its teeth; from it come "drunkenness and voracity and licentiousness," inflaming the appetites and strengthening the impetuous passions. Using gluttony as an example of self-indulgence, Philo says that immoderate eating is naturally a poisonous and deadly habit, inasmuch as what is so devoured is not capable of digestion, in consequence of the quantity of additional food which is heaped in on top of it, and arrives before what was previously eaten is converted into juice.

And the serpent, Philo says, is said to have uttered a human voice because pleasure employs innumerable champions and defenders, who take care to advocate its interests, and who dare to assert that the power over everything, both small and great, does of right belong to it without any exception whatever. . . . Many other things are said in the way of praise of this inclination, especially that it is one most peculiar and kindred to all animals. . . . But its juggleries and deceits pleasure does not venture to bring directly to the man, but first offers them to the woman, and by her means to the man; acting in a very natural and sagacious manner. For in human beings the mind occupies the rank of the man and the sensations that of the woman. And pleasure joins itself to and associates itself with the sensations first of all, and then by their means cajoles also the mind, which is the dominant part. For, after each of the senses has been subjected to the charms of pleasure,

[2] Ibid. ch. 55-56, trs. C. D. Yonge, p. 47.

and has learnt to delight in what is offered to it, the sight being fascinated by varieties of colours and shapes, the hearing by harmonious sounds, the taste by the sweetness of flowers, and the smell by the delicious fragrance of the odours which are brought before it, these all having received these offerings, like handmaids, bring them to the mind as their master, leading with them persuasion as an advocate, to warn it against rejecting any of them whatever. And the mind being immediately caught by the bait, becomes a subject instead of a ruler, and a slave instead of a master, and an exile instead of a citizen, and a mortal instead of an immortal.

So far the teaching of Philo, with its admirable sanity and philosophical breadth. It is admitted by all critics that these chapters are amongst Philo's earliest writings, belonging to the period of the boyhood of Jesus, so that we may well believe that some such view of the meaning of Adam and Eve and the Fall was accepted by the best Jewish thought not only at Alexandria, but also, in all probability as far as Jerusalem and more distant Tarsus of Cilicia. We are justified in thinking that, for the better educated Jews of the time of Jesus, Adam and Eve were just what Philo calls them, symbols and figures and allegories, hardly to be taken literally, yet yielding a rich mystical meaning, and of high value for edification.

Let us now turn to the New Testament, and see what position is held by the story of Adam and Eve, in the teaching of Jesus and his disciples. When we come to count up, we shall, I think, be not a little surprised to find how very few are the allusions to Adam and Eve and the Fall, in the Gospels and Epistles.

In the four Gospels, Adam is only mentioned once, and without any reference to the Fall, or to any doctrine of original sin. Indeed, as Professor Toy has pointed out, "no distinct dogma of universal depravity exists in the Old Testament," [3] and this view was, without doubt, common to the writers of the Gospels and the Jews of their day. The one reference to Adam in the Gospels is in the genealogy in the third chapter of Luke, and this genealogy is in reality hardly an integral part of the Gospel. Much the same may be said of the words of Jude, who speaks of "Enoch, the seventh from Adam." The allusion is chronological, not moral; and, as Jude is seeking to identify the author of the apocryphal Book of Enoch with the supernatural patriarch, we cannot safely give much weight to his citation.

In truth, there are only three passages in the New Testament which have any real reference to the story of Adam, and these are all in the Epistles of Paul. Taking them in the order in which they were written, there is, first, the allusion in the splendid chapter of the first letter to Corinth, which we associate with the burial service: "Since by man

[3] Crawford Howell Toy: "Quotations in the New Testament," New York, 1884, p. 132.

came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in the Adam all die, even so in the Christ shall all be made alive."[4] We must take this in conjunction with the passage later in the same chapter: "So also it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. . . . The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."[5]

One cannot fail to be struck with the likeness to the earlier teaching of Philo Judæus, of the two men, the one immortal and incorruptible, of the divine nature of the Logos; the other, of the earth, earthy; and to Philo's further teaching that regeneration comes when, mortifying the flesh, we turn from the man of earth, and once more conform to the image of the heavenly man. This regeneration, in Philo's view, constitutes "the perfect man," the immortal, renewed in an imperishable life. Having formerly conformed to the image of the earthy, we are to conform ourselves to the likeness of the heavenly man, who is of the divine nature of the Logos or Reason of God.

The parallelism is close indeed, and we have much warrant for believing that Paul shares the thought of Philo, that Adam is a symbol of the man of flesh, in a wide and general sense: "in the Adam, all die," rather than a definite historical personage, who, by a single sin, condemned the whole human race.

The second allusion in Paul's letters to the story of Adam is in the letter to Rome, written, perhaps, some ten or fifteen years after Philo's death at an advanced age. "Wherefore," writes Paul, "as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned: (for until the law sin was in the world: but sin is not imputed where there is no law. Nevertheless death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression, who is the figure of him that was to come. . . .)."[6]

It is noteworthy and significant that, in this passage, on which the dogma of the Fall is chiefly founded, we find Paul applying to Adam the very word used by Philo. Adam is a "type," a "figure of him that was to come." Paul could hardly tell us in a more explicit way that he is interpreting the story of Adam allegorically, just as he did, in writing to the community at Corinth.

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[4] I. Cor. xv, 21-22. The Greek reads ἐν τῷ Ἀδάμ and ἐν τῷ Χριστῷ. The Revised Version, in a marginal reading, brings out the latter article, but not the former. I have ventured to translate both.

[5] I. Cor. xv, 45, 47, 48.

[6] Romans, v, 12-14.

The third and last allusion to Adam is in the first letter to Timothy: "Let the woman learn in silence and all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence. For Adam was first formed, then Eve. And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression. Notwithstanding she shall be saved in childbearing." [7]

"Eve shall be saved in childbearing:" surely this makes it plain that Paul is once more using the allegorical method, and taking Eve as a type, a genus, to use Philo's phrase; and indeed there is the closest resemblance here to the passage of Philo, already quoted, where he points out that Eve was first tempted, and then Adam through Eve.

A striking example of Paul's use of the Philonic method of allegory is that in the letter to the Galatians, where he writes: "For it is written that Abraham had two sons, the one by a bondmaid, the other by a free woman. But he who was of the bondwoman was born after the flesh; but he of the free woman was by promise. Which things are an allegory: for these are the two covenants; the one from the mount Sinai, which gendereth to bondage, which is Agar. [For this Agar is mount Sinai in Arabia,] and answereth to Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with her children. But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all." [8]

This is in the very spirit of Philo's *Allegories of the Sacred Laws,* as, for example, where he writes: "Do you not see that wisdom when dominant, which is Sarah, says, 'For whosoever shall hear it shall rejoice with me.' But suppose that any were able to hear that virtue has brought forth happiness, namely, Isaac. . . ." [9] and so on. And this is thoroughly in harmony with the usual Rabbinical method of exegesis, well described by Professor Toy, as "summed up in the principle, that every sentence and every word of the Scripture was credited with any meaning that it could possibly be made to bear; and the interpreter selected the literal or the allegorical sense, or any other that suited his argument." [10]

We are, therefore, justified in saying that, during the period in which Jesus and Paul lived and taught, Philo, who was a commanding figure among the Jews, and a recognised leader of religious thought, openly treated the story of Adam as an instructive allegory, a symbol of the sensual man; that the three passages in which Paul mentions Adam are all very close to the spirit and thought of Philo, and that in all three passages Paul makes it evident that he is speaking allegorically, calling Adam a type, a figure, just as he makes Eve a symbol of all

[7] I. Tim. ii, 11-15.

[8] Galatians, iv, 22-26.

[9] Philo, On the Allegories of the Sacred Laws, Book II, ch. xxi.

[10] Op. Cit. Introduction, p. xxiii.

womankind. And it is on these three passages that the doctrine of original sin, as connected with the Fall of Adam, is founded; for the two other allusions to Adam in the New Testament are purely chronological and have no moral colouring.

But we come to the most striking aspect of the matter, when we ask what meaning the story of Adam had for Jesus himself. The answer is, that Jesus nowhere mentions Adam or Eve or the Fall at all, that Jesus nowhere connects an idea of original sin with Adam's Fall, or in any way suggests that his own coming and teaching, or his death and resurrection, are correlative to Adam's expulsion from Eden. It is most significant and characteristic of the method of Jesus, that he nowhere assigns a general cause to sin, considered as a common heritage of mankind. Indeed, he uses expressions which are hardly compatible with the idea of original or universal sin. For example: "If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin. . . . If I had not done among them the works which none other man did, they had not had sin." [11] But it would seem that it was much more characteristic of Jesus to speak, not of sin, but of sins, in the sense of errors, transgressions, of missing the mark, rather than in the theological sense of a condition into which we are born. In the four Gospels, the word sin (Greek ἁμαρτία) occurs forty times; it is used in the plural twenty-eight times, while of the twelve occurrences in the singular, only one is in the synoptic Gospels, while several of the occurrences in John seem, as we have shown, directly to negative the idea of universal, original sin caused by Adam's transgression.

The dominant fact, therefore, is that Jesus nowhere connects the idea of sin with the story of the Fall of Adam; Jesus nowhere teaches that his own work is the correlative of that Fall, or that his coming is to be set over against Adam's transgression, as we are accustomed to see it set, in our theology. Jesus takes the fact of sins, of transgressions, of errors, of failures, of death itself, just as he saw them all about him; and straightway, without theorizing, sets himself to applying the cure, holiness, purity, humility, faith, love, bringing the new birth and immortality. He teaches that certain things are to be done, rather than that certain things are to be believed. The saying that "He that believeth not, shall be damned," [12] at the close of Mark, is an interpolation of a later century. The authentic teaching is: "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me;" or this: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." [13]

If these conclusions be trustworthy, and, as I think, well supported

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[11] John, xv, 22-24.

[12] Mark, xvi, 16.

[13] John, vii, 17.

by the evidence brought forward, then it would seem to be certain that the correlation of the Fall with the teaching and life of Jesus is nowhere to be found in that teaching; and that, while this dogma is made to rest on certain phrases in Paul's letters, Paul himself in all probability shared Philo's view that the story of Adam was an allegory, and that Adam was a type or symbol of that mortal nature which we all know at first hand, the passional nature which must be purified, before we can conform to the likeness of the heavenly, putting on the new man, who is of divine and eternal nature.

If these conclusions be trustworthy, then the correlation of Adam's Fall and the life of Jesus, in our theology, is based on a misapprehension as to what Jesus taught, and what Paul meant. The second event does not depend for its significance on the first. The message of Jesus is wholly independent of the story of Adam. That message must be studied in itself, in its immediate and present bearing, apart from the theories of legal theology, burdened as it is with the Roman doctrine of contract, or debtor and creditor, of imputed righteousness, or transferred credit. If we wish to test the validity of the doctrine, we must follow the injunction of the teacher of the doctrine, and test it, not by legal argument, but by obedience, by keeping the commandments, by working the divine will.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

"He who is faithful over a few things is a lord of cities. It does not matter whether you preach in Westminster Abbey, or teach a ragged class, so you be faithful. The faithfulness is all."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHARITY

"KNOWLEDGE puffeth up, but charity edifieth." This saying of St. Paul's is as appropriate to the conditions of the present age, as it was to those of nineteen centuries ago. All earnest students of Theosophy will do well to consider it seriously; especially those who are inclined to attach as much importance to the study of the philosophy, and the investigation of the unknown psychic powers in man and nature as they give to the work for brotherhood. But the second and third objects of the Theosophical Society are, when taken alone, like a double-edged sword that cuts both ways; they are helpful only in so far as they help to advance the first object.

Knowledge, in itself, is no more a virtue than dynamite is a blessing. It is beneficial only when used for beneficial ends, or governed by love. But love is always a virtue, a Divine power, the divinest of all powers, active or latent in man. Hear what St. Paul says of love: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophesy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemingly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophecy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."

It is of the greatest importance that this fundamental theosophical principle should have proper application in all our doings and in all our intercourse with other men, especially with our co-workers in The Theosophical Society. We should find it profitable, therefore, every night before going to bed, to review the past day and to see, whether we have been edified by the love that Saint Paul calls charity, or whether, puffed up by knowledge, we have indulged in any unkind and uncharitable deed or sentiment. Our morning devotions, whether or not per-

formed according to any ritual, should always include a solemn vow to be charitable, a vow made with such earnestness and force that we always remain conscious of it, no matter how much attention the duties of the day may claim.

And this vow of charity must be of universal validity, not confined to certain circumstances or relations. We must lead our lives in an atmosphere of charity; we must fill our minds and hearts with charity and breathe charity into all our doings.

Life continually brings us face to face with a great many experiences, some pleasant, others hard to bear. They represent as many tests and as many opportunities. The Ever Watching Eye is always upon us, anxiously watching our steps, tenderly stretching out a supporting hand, compassionately forgiving our failures, lovingly undoing our mistakes as far as the great Law permits, and charitably arranging new opportunities for our advancement. It is a tremendous outpouring of Divine Love, and if we realized this, we should certainly be most eagerly anxious to open our hearts and to have them filled with this love in order to give it out abundantly to all who surround us, knowing that the more we give the more we receive. And we should strive most earnestly to make our hearts clean vessels; lest the Divine gift, the pure love that is poured into them, shall be defiled and its sweet waters made poisonous on its way through our hearts to our fellow-men.

Among the manifold trials, that of admiration is, perhaps, the most difficult to withstand. In most cases it calls forth self-esteem and pride; and "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." If we were truly charitable, we should not lead our brother into this terrible temptation by flattering and admiring him, because of his fancied or real development in advance of ourselves, nor should we give him an authority which is due only to those who are so far ahead of us that they cannot mingle directly with the affairs of the material world, but have to work through agents who are fit for their service.

Self-esteem leads inevitably to uncharitable feelings toward the brother, whom we put on a lower level than ourselves, and especially toward a blundering comrade. We have met with this temptation many, many times, and we have perhaps fallen as many times. It is the old story of self congratulation, which the Christian Master narrated thus: "God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican." The occasions of stumbling are sure to come again and again, till we are able to stand. As the Master said: "For it must needs be that the occasions come, but woe to that man through whom the occasion cometh!" This being so we are wise, if we consider well how to meet these occasions, and we cannot do this

better than by finding a proper answer to this question: "How would the Master have us meet them?"

We know very well that we are all failing in some way or other; but is anyone of us able to say who is the greater sinner? We cannot avoid seeing obvious failings, and the closer to our hearts the sinner is, the more we suffer from his mistakes. It is, or ought to be, a suffering of the same kind, though to an infinitely smaller degree, as the suffering of Christ, when he, drawing nigh to Jerusalem, wept over the city. His were not the tears of judgment, but of charity. Let us see to it then, that our sorrow over a brother's failings is of the same nature; and let us always match the failings of others with our own, seeking virtues in each other, not deficiencies, and forgiving endlessly.

Jesus spoke these very suggestive words to Simeon the Pharisee some 1900 years ago: "Her sins which are many, are forgiven, for she loveth much"; and the Master still says just the same thing about all those who, though failing greatly, love Him much. Remembering this, and having our hearts filled with the Master's love, we shall be able to stand, when the temptation comes. Then, instead of falling through self-esteem, we shall look at a stumbling comrade with charity, and shall love him with that love which, in some cases, binds the tender heart of a mother even more closely to her prodigal son than to the son who never caused her a moment's anxiety.

Therefore, if we have charity, and there be in our midst an erring brother, we shall love him, and our love may in time turn him from his ways. If one of our brothers is wronged, and we have charity, we shall defend him. There is no better way to do this than by shielding him with our love, letting the whole world see how we love and appreciate him. There is no shield stronger and more impenetrable than love; and the offender will feel this love, and be silenced. There is nothing for him to ward off, since no one attacks him. By disarming the offender with love, our love is shielding him, as well as ourselves, against the influence of such malevolent powers as are sure to be attracted, whenever we are indulging in a state of mind akin to their nature. Considering this, we shall better understand the saying: "But whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also."

The Master Jesus said: "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me"; and again: "This is my commandment that ye love one another, as I have loved you." As Christians we ought to live up to this commandment. And have we any right to call ourselves Christians, if we daily act contrary to it? And to live up to it is not a matter of rites, customs, words, or sentiments. It is a conscious life, more real than physical life; it is the beginning of life eternal. If we earnestly strive to live this life, and have "charity" as our constant watch-word in the long and terrible contest with our lower

natures, we shall in time find that there will be no opportunity for judging, no time for fault-finding, no room for feeling hurt, or for "just indignation." By constant meditation on the nature of Divine Charity we shall come to a deeper understanding of it; we shall learn to know *how* the Master wishes us to meet the trials of prosperity and of pride as well as those of misfortune and of vexation.

This principle of charity does not apply only to moral feelings, it is just as applicable to intellectual blunderings and to cases of differing opinions. It is our right and duty to hold our own thoroughly considered opinions on religion, on rites, on dogmas—on all spiritual and material questions. But charity forbids us to try to force other people to accept our opinions. Eternal Truth has not as yet been unveiled to the world; we know only in part, and our knowledge shall "vanish away" when "that which is perfect is come." And that which is perfect is charity as a manifestation of Divine Love. To teach our fellow-men charity is, therefore, the true theosophical work. To do this is to help in spreading the teachings known as the Evangel of Love.

But teachings which are not practised in daily life, are dead letters only; they are as "sounding brass" and cause the truth-longing heart to shrink, and to turn away in pain. This tragedy has been played for ages gone by, and it is our sad fate to witness it still every day. If we want to help in carrying out the Christian mission, we must live the life of the Christian, which above all means to practise charity according to this commandment of Christ: "Love one another, as I have loved you." By so doing—and only then—shall we become true Followers of Christ.

T. H. Knoff.

SOME ASPECTS OF THEOSOPHY

As Seen by a New Member of the Society

V

THE VOICE IN THE SILENCE

"Everyone is according to his faith, descendant of Bharata. For man is formed of faith; what his faith is, that verily is he." Bhagavad Gita (C. J. Ed.) xvii—3.

"In a moment things which the imagination would take long to put together are unfolded to us, for it goes beyond all that we can understand here below. So does that Beauty and Majesty remain stamped upon the soul, that nothing can drive it from her memory. . . . Do you think it is of little importance for a distracted soul to understand this truth, and to know that she need not go to Heaven to speak with the Eternal Father, or to regale herself with Him? Nor need she speak aloud, for, however low she may speak, He is so near that He will hear us: neither does she require wings to fly and see Him, but she can compose herself in solitude and behold Him within her self." St. Teresa of Avila.

THE student of Theosophy is soon told of the existence of the Masters, those divine Helpers, Who, having progressed in Their own development, by an act of supreme self-sacrifice turn back to help others onward, epitomizing the lesson that the greatest work to be done is the giving of one's self. At first it may seem that there is no novelty in this, for it is what is said in all Christian churches. But there, as many of us have found, it is too often taken as a purely academic matter, an ideal that is never real, to say nothing of realized. It is surprising at first to have Christ's teachings accepted as simple, natural rules of practice and not as ideals impossible of attainment. This point-of-view explains why to the Christian student of Theosophy his faith is made vital and at last of abiding comfort by what he is taught from the very first of his connection with the T. S.

Yet, accepting the Masters as Real and Helpers, to the student

comes the inevitable question: How do the Masters reach us to help us? There are many splendid passages in Theosophical books covering this point but at first they seem as mere words, as too many of us have regarded those teachings and explanations found throughout the New Testament; teachings and explanations so truly Theosophical that one perceives without verbal teaching that the holy writers thereof were mystics and members of a definite Order that we as beginners can recognize as somehow surviving in the T. S.—though just how and why we do not understand. Yet as persons of sense and some mental training we can not escape the force of the striking parallel.

When I asked of my guide, philosopher and friend the question "How do the Masters communicate?" he began by telling me that They "function in the fourth dimension." This, of course, came to me at first as meaningless. It is true that as a very small boy I had listened without understanding but enjoying the sound while my father discussed the fourth dimension with a naval officer, since a noted technical Professor, and with that gallant soldier, who by international reputation ranked as one of the world's greatest engineers and who was one of the leaders of the T. S.; but the revival of a child's memories did not suffice. It required a different effort—when I say one of "recollection" I shall sound contradictory to many, while to others I have made myself perfectly clear.

Many things were then explained to me; more especially the physical aspect, so to speak, that while in the third dimension the Masters and their chelas might seem to us to be afar, yet in the fourth dimension They would be close at hand and that my submerged power of functioning in the fourth dimension would slowly yet gradually emerge with my aspiration, work, devotion and faith and that the two latter were the more important factors.

This never sounded of spiritism or legerdemain to me as I have found it does to some others, which fortunate fact is due to no special merit or ability or my own, but which I credit to the wisdom shown in teaching me. The policy was followed, laid down in Hebrews V. (one of the Epistles in which, it seems to the student, St. Paul is most direct as a teacher of Theosophy) and "milk, and not strong meat" was given me and, furthermore, I was fed with wise discretion so that I was given time to digest what I received.

In passing; it may be forgiven a new student to venture the opinion that much of the repulsion which so many unfortunately find in Theosophy (to their own great loss) is due to unwisdom in working alone when "Ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God" (does not that "again" remind one of St. Paul's preaching the doctrine of reincarnation, as set forth in Corinthians and

as used in the Burial Service?) or else to unwise teaching by which one received "strong meat" when "milk" was required.

Furthermore, the warning of *Light on the Path* was often repeated: "The 'medium' or 'spiritualist,' who rushes into the psychic world without preparation, is a law breaker, a breaker of the laws of supernature. Those who break Nature's laws lose their physical health; those who break the laws of the inner life lose their psychic health. 'Mediums' become mad, suicides, miserable creatures devoid of moral sense——"

Even in such primary study as I am permitted to undertake I am taught to avoid sensation and to suppress psychic development and urged to seek for enlightenment solely on the spiritual plane. The sweet reasonableness, the utter sanity, the satisfying rationalism and the marvellous simplicity of occultism (which to me had savored of a child's tales of "magic" until I joined the T. S.) have been made clear to me.

How the Masters could function in the fourth dimension remained more or less incomprehensible until one day in the lunch club my attention was called to our shadows in the sunlight. The familiar illustration of the second dimension by the shadow on the wall was recalled to me. To the shadow length and breadth was comprehensible but the third dimension, height, unknowable. I might put my hand one one-millionth of an inch above the heart of that shadow and yet to it I would be an infinite (because incomprehensible) distance away. Yet to me in the third dimension it would seem as if my hand were laid upon the shadow's heart. To the shadow's understanding it would make no difference whether I was that one-millionth of an inch away or a million light-years distant. In either case I would be infinitely afar to it.

Why not then believe that the Master may be near, striving to reach my heart, while to my understanding He may be infinitely afar and quite beyond my ken on the purely intellectual plane?

I have recently talked over the matter of the fourth dimension with a man who is unconsciously a Theosophist at heart though not knowingly. He attends the meetings of the T. S. with a curiously (to him) mixed motive—partly interested; partly outraged. He is an engineer of scientific attainments. He would deny that he is at all Theosophical yet he is and strongly. He told me of Prof. Mitchell's illustration of the fourth dimension.

As I gathered: in one dimensional space the point could ever move onward but to its understanding it would be utterly impossible to move off that straight line, for to do so, or to conceive of doing so, would involve the second dimension which it could not comprehend. In two dimensional space a circle circumscribed about the shadow would, to its comprehension, eternally confine it—eternally, that is, to its accepted laws of the physical world; and any shadow venturing the conception that

the circle might be stepped over would be condemned as visionary, non-scientific, a creature of faith and not of reason. The "scientifically-minded" shadows simply could not understand, comprehend or explain how one could step over that limiting circle for that would bring in the third dimension—in shadow phraseology, the Infinite. The proposition might be worked out by higher mathematics and the theoretical possibility of such freedom admitted, but to explain it practically to shadows worrying about what might be Beyond—never!

So it is, as I take in the illustration, when a three dimensional being like any one of us ordinary mortals is put in a room and all the doors closed he can not even conceive how he can get out without opening a door or breaking down a wall—(or in the larger aspects of life, escape from the physical trammels of our being without breaking a "law.") Yet to One functioning in the fourth dimension it would be as simple to escape from that room without opening a door or breaking a wall as it is for one of us to step over the circle to the absolute bewilderment of shadowland, where it would be said we had vanished or had been snatched up into a cloud. And in shadowland annals the fact would in time be called a tradition, then a myth and finally scientific nonsense. If one of us stepped back and forth occasionally those shadows who saw us would be regarded as visionary folk or liars—except by shadows with intuitive comprehension!

This illustration which I have paraphrased and, perhaps, presented too argumentatively, satisfied my engineer as rational and as bringing out why we have such difficulty in accepting the fourth dimension. When he told it to me and quoted the Professor as using the closed room analogy I was filled with joy for it seemed to give at once a scientific explanation to what my brief incursion into the field of Theosophy had trained me to accept on faith: "The same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus, and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you" (St. John xx, 19).

It may be asked: Why, if this power to function in the fourth dimension exists, is it not more often used. Between my recollection and the help given me an answer has evolved which has given me comfort, which is my excuse for offering it to others. The Helpers want to help us in what counts and in what only and alone counts—the development of our Souls. It is, practically speaking, axiomatic that it does not help to do for another the things that he should do for himself. Modern sociology and wise philanthropy recognize that it is ever hurtful, never helpful, to pauperize. Pauperization of another is unfailingly harmful, be it on physical, mental, moral, or spiritual plane. As *Light on the Path* says: "A man who desires to live must eat his food himself: this is the simple law of nature—which applies also to the

higher life. A man who would live and act in it cannot be fed like a babe with a spoon; he must eat for himself."

A few years ago a broken bone was kept indefinitely in splints. Nowadays we have gone back to Nature and have adopted the "ambulatory treatment," another name for self-help, to assure complete recovery. Gardeners do not support plants as they once did; the idea now is to develop stamina and cellulose by forcing the plants to be as self-supporting as possible. I hope I am a loving parent, yet I deliberately allowed my little ones to fall again and again while they were learning to walk and to run. Only yesterday the littlest one fell and actually drove gravel into his face and I laughed (outwardly—that is, as he saw it) in order to help him in self-control.

Now if we finite and most unwise beings have common (sublime?) sense enough to seek to develop "self-help" in plants, in pedagogics and in paupers (to use three alliterative illustrations out of a possible plethora) why should we arrogantly and egotistically deny to the Masters the possession of wisdom and common sense at least equal to our own! May it not be significant that when Jesus did use His four dimensional power (the "body celestial" or spiritual) it was when his disciples were huddled together in fear and, presumably, in doubt, after His apparent defeat? It would seem to be a fair presumption that they were in doubt because for nearly 2,000 years the Western world has found great difficulty in being able to recognize that the refusal to use physical force in spiritual development (for on such would a temporal Kingdom of Christ have rested) was the very acme of Christ's wisdom in working for us and in our behalf.

I am not wandering as far afield as some critics may think. I am seeking, and seeking with humility, I hope, firm only in the consciousness that I am being helped, to suggest to others the real comfort it has been to me to know that the Masters are trying to help me and are giving me all the help that I can stand and that I am ready for and that this conviction, this assured knowledge on my part, is not a dream, a phantasy, an imagined ideal, but is a hard, cold, every day fact and fact of Nature, with a satisfactory scientific base for the refractory minded to find comfort upon.

This is my present state of mind, definitely reached by logical steps, as it seems to me. But I too pondered how could the Master speak to me, one of the countless children of His care? How could the "Voice in the Silence" come to me? Prof. Elihu Thomson helped me on the road to some comprehension of this phase of occultism when I once asked him whether it was true that any receiving station anywhere within the radius of action of a wireless telegraph instrument could

receive, or whether there was, so to speak, a "jump-spark" from one individual station to another and to no other. With the simplicity that marks his explanations of the most erudite problems he asked me if there was a church bell near my home. When I answered "Yes" he asked, "You can hear it two miles away to the south on a calm day?" "Yes." "Or two miles to the north? the east? the west? If there were men at each of these points they would all hear the bell, would they not? And would not each of the thousands you could get within the radius of the bell sound hear it—if none of them was deaf?"

So, it seems to me, may the Master work. He sends us His message ("seek, and ye shall find") and if we be not "dead" but are "attuned" we will receive it and translate it from its mystic code or spiritual significance into the language of our physical mind or terms of the third dimension. If a young Italian can accomplish the once-deemed scientific impossibility in the physical world of making etheric waves do work across 4,000 miles why should I doubt the power of Christ to reach me through any distance; against any difficulties? I know that no other Individuality in the western world's history has ever shown equal power. Starting His work on earth in a distant corner of the great Roman Empire; in a falling nation; in a decadent age; with a few obscure and seemingly ignorant men for his chosen disciples; He has yet been able to revolutionize the world and dominate the centuries. What if by the blindness of men His teachings have been obscured; the results He sacrificed Himself for not yet fully attained; did He not nevertheless demonstrate unequalled power: and if Marconi has triumphed as he has why should we question the power by which Christ tries to help us onward and to reach our hearts?

At first it is heart-rending to the beginner that what he can see so clearly he cannot express to another. Soon he realizes the wisdom and mercy of this law. For instance, in his ignorance, however enthusiastic and well-meaning he may be, he might be of hurt to another through the over expression of a single aspect of some manifold truth, giving the wrong emphasis or even the wrong impression. Besides, in occultism it is the immutable law that one must learn for oneself. *Light on the Path* has expressed this conclusively: ". . . the adepts in life and knowledge, who, seemingly giving out their deepest wisdom, hide in the very words which frame it its actual mystery. They cannot do more. There is a law of nature which insists that a man shall read these mysteries for himself. By no other method can he obtain them."

The thought of this law comes back to me in connection with this effort to express something of what has been given me regarding the real "physical-fact" that the Masters do, and do because they actually can, communicate with us.

To present another aspect of the explanations I have obtained of how this communication may be established I am going to quote Prof. Thomson again (and again, I should say, without his permission). He once said that it is the present hypothesis among scientists that only the focus of the alternating current travels along the wire in an electric circuit. How comforting a thought this may be to the primary grade occultist I shall endeavor to show.

While it is practically impossible for us to imagine ourselves functioning in the fourth dimension, yet it has been helpful to the newest student to believe that the theme or basic-expressed-ideal in a dynamic (inspirational) book is one of the "wires" carrying the focii of the currents alternating, or flowing from and to the Higher Powers and ourselves. Does this savor of "magic"? Be honest, is it any more "magical" than the magnetic hoists handling tons of pig iron by the use of a secondary force induced by a primary force which even the generator designers themselves do not pretent to understand truly? Which is the more reasonable—to consider that Abraham Lincoln was inspired by the Masters or that "a poor white" self-generated his own genius? Certain combinations of words make up *Light on the Path* or *Fragments.* To one person they are uninteresting; even meaningless: to another inspirational. To the latter they actually grow and glow—that is live. Whence their power; if from themselves, why not then be inspired by the same words in a dictionary? Was it the ignorant actor or the busy courtier who wrote *Shakespeare?* What difference, why waste time in arguing before we decide whence came the inspiration? It is the current, not the wire that drives the motor. Explain a poet like Keats rationally—tell me the real why that Wellington's mediocrity overcame Napoleon's genius; Grant's persistence Lee's strategy. After all what is simpler and truer and easier to accept than "the Voice in the Silence"?

It may also prove helpful to consider the analogy of wireless telegraphy. Religious feeling, devotion, self-sacrifice, prayer, the arousing of the higher nature, in placing us in communication with the Masters, may be considered as similar (and this is certainly the easier of the two to understand) to the "tuning" of a wireless receiver. The whole of the second "Comment" in *Light on the Path* will reward critical reading in seeking a better comprehension of this analogy. It is hard to omit quoting it all but I do want to quote one of its many prophetic passages ". . . I hold that scientific men are the pioneers of modern thought. The days of literature and of art, when poets and sculptors saw the divine light, and put it into their own great language—these days lie buried in the long past with the ante-Phidian sculptors and the pre-Homeric poets. The mysteries no longer rule the world of

thought and beauty; human life is the governing power; not that which lies beyond it. But the scientific workers are progressing, not so much by their own will as by sheer force of circumstances, towards the far line which divides things interpretable from things uninterpretable. Every fresh discovery drives them a step onward. Therefore do I very highly esteem the knowledge obtained by work and experiment." And this was written down thirty years ago when wireless and radium, with all that they involve of progress towards the "far line" were not even figments of scientific imagaination!

It has also been taught me that there is a further rough analogy between our translating the Voice into thought and action and the effect of music upon us. A certain combination of notes in a certain order, force and time, when reproduced, will suggest to the hearer definite thoughts; paint visualizations upon the mind; inspire him to action, be it only the keeping of time with a tapping foot. This force has been recognized and utilized most effectively in those two most ancient survivals of early Organization—the Church and the Army. Even to a tone-deaf and musicless man certain airs will call up to him certain definite moods, feelings, recollections. Are the Masters more impotent than a fiddle or a drum? To the musically trained an improvisor can practically talk through notes and phrases, for he certainly can express what he wants to convey better than many people can with spoken words. Is Paderewski working with musical vibrations any easier to comprehend with full understanding than a Master speaking to us from afar?

Still another rough analogy is the "reading" or receiving of a telegraph message. Morse designed his instrument to be read from lines traced on paper tape, but it soon proved that the dots, dashes and spaces were being "read" by ear. Next it was found that the letters were read as single mind-images and not as a group of detached sounds, and in the Phillips' code I am told that expert Associated Press operators now read and typewrite whole phrases without being conscious of the translation.

Frankly, it is less wonderful to me to consider that Christ may communicate with me (if I will only let Him) than it is to review all that is involved as I now write, when, as a result of early teaching, later reading and experience, more teaching, giving me a vocabulary, I was eventually prepared to understand in part these teachings and to assimilate them in some degree, and finally have sub-consciously directed my fingers to take up my pen and write these words down. Because all

this is commonplace is it any the less extraordinary? Considered wisely and widely does it strain credulity less than to believe that every impulse for good is an "impulse" from the Divine? Radio-activity is seemingly miraculous but after all is it any more wonderful in fact than the homely illustration of the smell of cheese reaching a mouse?

Review the cases of mother-love and mother-sacrifice that you have known: remember the individuals involved as personalities—commonplace on the whole were they not? Yet if such average, commonplace people could do so much for love why doubt what the Masters do or what we could do if only we would listen to the Masters.

A young lady came to New York this winter from Europe. Wireless telegraphy was a commonplace; aviation an old story; the telephone a fact accepted so early in life that she cannot remember a world without it and automobiling as natural as dressing. None of these were to be remarked upon. What did interest her, however; what was truly marvellous to her was the New York horse car—last survival of an era almost forgotten by her host, who yet could recall the to him recent days when each of her accepted factors of ordinary, every day life was consider a "physical impossibility," a poet's fancy or a child's fairy tale.

What is the fixed standard of the wonderful?

Consider with clinical thoroughness a political meeting, a patriotic gathering, or even a mob, and try to explain all that happens and just why—also ask yourself what it is fundamentally that causes any given individuality to respect any other. Am I getting too involved? I fear so, yet I cannot reproach myself too severely for my latest failure, for in this case, perhaps it will prove to the advantage of tyro readers (in the same stage as myself!) to work out these problems for themselves. I have found it helpful to struggle with them—may it so prove to others and may they succeed where I fail.

And it is now suggested to me to close with yet another analogy: "A small and insignificant key may open a large and important door; and, if the door be locked it cannot be opened without injury until the key be found and used." Perhaps this means that we must avoid in our studies a lower mind sense of proportion "and do our work as it comes to us, but be sure we do do it or the key may never be found."

SERVETUS.

POSTSCRIPT

It is some time since I wrote the foregoing. It comes to me that in my endeavor to give to others something of what has been given to me I shall have failed utterly if I have placed too much emphasis upon the rationalism overlying the conviction that the mighty yet loving Helpers do help us daily; that the "Voice in the Silence" is real and

potent. I have just changed to "overlying" the word "underlying" I first wrote. Perhaps this change, in a way, expresses exactly what I want to say in this Postscript. It was once said to me, "Remember always that before you can understand anything in occultism you must first believe it." If I have ranked reasonableness ahead of faith, as I can now see, I have not transmitted my teaching. Yet it is only to-night that I appreciate at all the significance of the warning; only now do I sense its truth. Apparently no one can take one step in Theosophy without faith. Reviewing the men of great intellect, strong reasoning powers and wide, true and thorough learning who are among the most active members of the T. S. I had lost sight of the fundamental point. I was in danger of ranging myself with those of whom it was said "O ye of little faith." To appreciate the emphasis placed upon faith as the fundamental by the great Master we Christians worship, look at the number of citations to the *New Testament* under the word "faith" in a Biblical Concordance. While Theosophy is founded upon Law; is, indeed, the Law itself—all-including; the true union of purest science with serenest Religion, nevertheless, it seems to be the Law that the first step in it shall be Faith. You can not prove Mathematical Axioms but all proof of mathematics rest upon their acceptance. That great Theosophist, St. Paul, it comes to me, has summed this up for us in Galatians ii, 16: "Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law: for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified."

SERVETUS.

THEOSOPHY AND SECULAR LITERATURE

VII

Emerson's Journals

"That which I cannot yet declare has been my angel from childhood until now. It has separated me from men. It has watered my pillow, it has driven sleep from my bed. It has tortured me for my guilt. It has inspired me with hope. It cannot be defeated by my defeats. It cannot be questioned, though all the martyrs apostatize. It is always the glory that shall be revealed; it is the 'open secret' of the universe; and it is only the feebleness and dust of the observer that makes it future, the whole IS now potentially in the bottom of his heart. It is the soul of religion. Keeping my eye on this, I understand all heroism, the history of loyalty and of martyrdom and of bigotry, the heat of the Methodist, the nonconformity of the Dissenter, the patience of the Quaker."

EMERSON'S position, in the world of letters, is debatable. His *Essays* are found on every American bookshelf, even the smallest, as, we are told, Macaulay's writings are in Australia, because he is thought to represent the American ideal and the aim of American practice: "His essential teaching," says Professor Norton, "has become part of the unconsciously acquired creed of every young American of good and gracious nature." The typical American, practical, school-educated, complacent, skims a few paragraphs, occasionally a whole essay, and draws thence ample justification for his utmost independence of thought and manner. On the other hand, a large number, the literary folk, those who know, and therefore wish to instruct, would refuse any consideration whatever to a claim made for Emerson in the world of letters; "A random pensman of the obvious," they would say, "uttering with provincial crudeness commonplaces of morality." Yet a few others, some reverent Quaker, or devout soul among the sects, finds Emerson's sentences luminous with wisdom and gentle with love; and in that rare worshipper's retreat, Emerson's head is hung on the wall along with Tauler's St. Teresa's, George Fox's, and Dante's.

Three quarters of a century almost after the first delivery of his lectures, Emerson's *Journals* are now published. They bring the man and his work back as a subject of conversation, and offer opportunity for re-casting and correcting opinions about him. Perhaps the least presumptuous way of approach toward a right judgment of Emerson's

work, though it may appear the most presumptuous, will be in putting aside literary, and all other worldly standards, and in endeavoring to view his life as it appeared to the Master. Only by so doing, can a theosophist, at least, hope to get any ray of truth.

What then is the significance of Emerson's life in the great scheme of things—"the coming of the kingdom"? What did he do, between 1830 and 1850 to hasten or retard it on earth? The *Journals* now published, make these questions less difficult to answer than do the formal writings.

By 1830, the last ripples from the Lodge force of 1775 would seem to have spent themselves. Scott, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Schiller, Goethe, had ended their work, practically, though several, Wordsworth, for example, had not yet ended their days. And splendidly had they done their work!

> "They spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.
> They laid us as we lay at birth
> On the cool flowery lap of earth,
> Smiles broke from us and we had ease;
> The hills were round us, and the breeze
> Went o'er the sun-lit fields again;
> Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
> Our youth return'd; for there was shed
> On spirits that had long been dead,
> Spirits dried up and closely furl'd,
> The freshness of the early world."

They had gained knowledge of the inner world within the veil of sense and had learned that entrance to it lay through, and, also, away from, the world of Matter. Through the literary sense they had been led to the realities of life; magic and mystery which the rational mind of the eighteenth century had flouted, were again potent. Both in prose and verse, in Hoffman, Coleridge, and Richter, the supernatural and mysterious imagination peopled space with goblins, fairies, elves, demons and angels. Turning in weariness from the light of common day, these poets and prose authors had all aspired toward some other light "that never was on land or sea." Like Alastor, they had roamed and wandered to the bounds of space, to find the mild eternal radiance: and then, more fortunate than that unattaining youth, had discovered that the light they so eagerly and painfully sought, was already shining every moment about them—shining within and through the light of common day. And some of them, like Wordsworth, were able to accept the "meanest tasks of life" as opportunities through which the star of their souls could shine. Scarce one of them escaped the contagion of the French Revolution. They began with socialistic or anarchistic dreams of political reform, but, where death did not cut short

the development, all grew away from that early heat to recognise the divine necessity of ordered government, and that real reform is always of the heart. In spiritual content, the writings of the English group are the most noteworthy among the secular literature of England.

Thus the Lodge force of 1775 had splendidly wrought! What can we see in movement in 1830, tending forward to 1875? First, the beginning of that earnest endeavor which was to revitalise the whole Anglican Church, leading it back from the intellectual realm of Protestantism to the spiritual treasures of Catholicism. That movement took its initial impulse, so far as anything may be said to have an initial impulse, in a little volume of verse, published in 1827, John Keble's *Christian Year*. Keble the "hermit spirit" had distinguished himself as the most brilliant of a brilliant group of young scholars at Oriel College. When his period of residence there closed, he refused to consider the academic honors that were all within his reach, went down into a country parish as his father's curate, re-read his Greek poets, and the verses of Wordsworth and others, and began to write down verses of his own, inspired by the symbology of the Church. Keble was all his life a "hermit spirit." Yet his friends, who were all their lives waging conflicts with opponents, acknowledge that he was the real leader of the High Church or Oxford Movement. Newman, later, tells of the indebtedness of his generation to Keble's verse. I quote Newman's passage entire, because it gives so vivid a picture of conditions within the Church in 1830.

"Now the author of the Christian Year found the Anglican system all but destitute of this divine element, (poetry);—a ritual dashed upon the ground, trodden on, and broken piece-meal;—prayers, clipped, pieced, torn, shuffled about at pleasure, until the meaning of the composition perished, and offices which had been poetry were no longer even good prose;—antiphones, hymns, benedictions, invocations, shovelled away;—Scripture lessons turned into chapters;—heaviness, feebleness, unwieldiness, where the Catholic rites had had the lightness and airiness of a spirit;—vestments chucked off, lights quenched, jewels stolen, the pomp and circumstances of worship annihilated; a dreariness which could be felt, and which seemed the token of an incipient Socinianism, forcing itself upon the eye, the ear, the nostrils of the worshipper; a smell of dust and damp, not of incense; a sound of ministers preaching Catholic prayers, and parish clerks droning out Catholic canticles; the royal arms for the crucifix; huge ugly boxes of wood, sacred to preachers, frowning on the congregation in the place of the mysterious altar; and long cathedral aisles unused, railed off, like the tombs (as they were), of what had been and was not; and for orthodoxy, a frigid, unelastic, inconsistent, dull, helpless dogmatic, which could give no just account of itself, yet was intolerant of all teaching which contained a doctrine more or a doctrine less, and resented every attempt to give it a meaning,—such was the religion of which this gifted author was,—not the judge and denouncer (a deep spirit of reverence hindered it,)—but the renovator,

as far as it has been renovated. Clear as was his perception of the degeneracy of his times, he attributed nothing of it to his Church, over which he threw the poetry of his own mind and the memory of better days."

Thus, in 1830, within the Church, was sown the seed of a true Catholicism, a movement of which Pusey was the great champion, a movement still progressing. What was actually accomplished by Pusey and his friends is often lost sight of in questions about ritual, etc. that are subordinate. The great thing is that Pusey returned in doctrine, practically, to the Athanasian position, which holds of the Incarnation and Atonement that "He became man in order that we might become gods." *

If we pass from Oxford to Cambridge, we find a second great movement of preparation, the scientific. From 1828 to 1831 Darwin was passing his *Lehrjahre* in the laboratories at Cambridge, and in 1831, he started in the S.S. "Beagle" on that long world voyage during which he collected, and observed, and pondered his hypothesis. The Catholic movement of Oxford and the scientific movement of Cambridge, came into antagonism later. But those antagonisms were personalities between the men who unconsciously worked for the great preparation. The Masters behind the screen attained their end, notwithstanding animosities between men who dealt to one another the opprobrium of "irreligious."

Thus much that is important can be seen in its incipiency in the third decade of the century. The actual conditions, however, seemed not encouraging.

"Liberalism prevailed; it was the appointed force to do the work of the hour; it was necessary, it was inevitable that it should prevail. But what was it, this liberalism? It was the great middle-class liberalism, which had for the cardinal points of its belief the Reform Bill of 1832, and local self-government, in politics; in the social sphere, free-trade, unrestricted competition, and the making of large industrial fortunes; in the religious sphere, the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion."

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* "He left us, but to be closer to us; He left us in Bodily Presence, but to be present still more nearly in Spirit; not without us any longer, as Teacher, Guide, Comforter, but, through that other Comforter, within us; withdrawn from our bodily sight, to fill our souls; no longer to be touched or handled by our hands, that His Spirit might be made manifest to our spirit, that we might touch Him with the hands of our heart, feed on Him with the cravings of our spirit, see Him with the eyes of our mind, be enlarged to receive Him, and, being expanded, be filled with Him, and be one with Him and He with us."

"Seek we Him in our thought, words, and actions. So, in all things, seeking Him, shall we at length find Him, and ourselves be found in Him; yea, He, who shall manifest Himself, more fully then, shall, according to His most true Promise, in earnest thereof, while hidden from the world, manifest Himself to them who are also hidden from the world in Him. He shall impart to us more of our true life, even Himself."

A modified form of Revolutionism, enlarged suffrage, etc., etc., filled the air with cries. Landor, the most important man in the literary arena was publishing the iconoclastic *Conversations,* flouting and buffooning Kings, Ministers and Priests, save the random few whom his capricious mind led him, in some queer way, to adore. Carlyle, toiling and moiling with the *Sartor* had not yet achieved success.

It was into this world that Emerson came in the winter of 1832-3, seeking a Teacher.* Those whom he purposed seeing were Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, Carlyle. Coming up from Sicily—where Newman was, at the same time, seeking health and kindly light, Emerson saw Landor first at Florence, and then passed northward, finally reaching the desolate moorland home at Craigenputtock,—"the first visitor since Noah's flood," Mrs. Carlyle said. The meeting of the two men, each has vividly described, and for each it meant much. The friendly admiration of Emerson brought cheer into Carlyle's lamp-black days. Yet Emerson's journal entry, at the end of his European sojourn, and on the eve of embarkation for America, shows that his sought Teacher had not been found.

"I thank the great God who has led me through this European scene, this last schoolroom in which he has pleased to instruct me, from Malta's isle, through Sicily, through Italy, through Switzerland, through France, through England, through Scotland, in safety and pleasure, and has now brought me to the shore and the ship that steers westward. He has shown me the men I wished to see,—Landor, Coleridge, Carlyle, Wordsworth; he has thereby comforted and confirmed me in my convictions. Many things I owe to the sight of these men. I shall judge more justly, less timidly, of wise men forevermore."

Two weeks later, however, while still at sea, there is another entry, of great significance. It is the passage extracted and placed at the beginning of this article. It shows Emerson's ascent to primary and aboriginal knowledge, his "passage from a remote station on the circumference to the center of the world, where, as in the closet of God, we see causes, and anticipate the universe, which is but a slow effect."

Emerson came back into the States full of his discovery that "There is one mind common to all individual men" and that "every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same." As lyceum lecturer he began

* "After being cabined up sea and by land, since I left home with various little people,—all better to be sure and much wiser than me, but still such persons as did not help me,—how refreshing was it to fall in with two or three sensible persons with whom I could eat my bread and take my walk and feel myself a free man once more of God's universe. Still these last were not instructors, and I want instructors. God's greatest gift is a Teacher, and when will he send me one full of truth and of boundless benevolence and of heroic sentiments? I can describe the man. I know the ideal well, but where is its real blood-warm counterpart? I know whilst I write thus that the creature is never to dawn upon me like a sunburst. I know too well how slowly we edge along sideways to everything good and brilliant in life, and how casually and unobservedly we make all our most valued acquaintances."

at once to bring that, his one, doctrine to the consideration of his fellow countrymen. He journeyed to and fro in the States year after year, lecturing and sermonising. From the lecture notes he made the two series of *Essays* which appeared in book form, the first series in 1841; the second in 1844.

As we read the Journals, now at last given out, and find sentence after sentence that in golden rhythm has vibrated in the memory, and the familiar and precious paragraphs of the *Essays* and addresses, we are led to a certain surmise as to the author. The Journals are the log-book of a Chela; they are part of the riches gathered from "the Infinity of Wisdom that issues from Meditation." From them the lectures and addresses were made, in cold blood, by deliberate "filling in" between portions in which there is a certain continuity of topic. And as those public performances were deliberately composed—(Emerson had none of the literary egotism which so blinded Wordsworth that he was totally unable to distinguish between inspired verses and such as Peter Bell)—for the sake of casting upon public ground the precious grain from his own garden, so, I believe, we must look upon Emerson's life. It was the giving up of private, individual gain in order to place before others some portion of the Infinite Wisdom. It was the incarnation of a Chela to further his Master's work. "For us men and for our salvation" Emerson brought Vedantin treasure to the West, and was made an American.

A very brief consideration of the "flesh" that Emerson took upon him may show the reason for such an incarnation. Emerson's New England was Puritanism *in persona.* It was the spirit of the American Revolution, in its final stage; "the dissidence of dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion" in quintessence, the eighteenth century in its last distillation—Unitarianism. Writing from Baltimore in 1843, where he says he heard with much content, High Mass in the Cathedral,* he says, "The Unitarian church forgets that men are poets." Unitarianism is product and triumph of mind. It leaves out of its reckoning all the higher principles in man. This form of dissent held

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Baltimore, 1843, January 7.

* "This morning I went to the Cathedral to hear Mass, with much content. It is so dignified to come where the priest is nothing and the people nothing, and an idea for once excludes these impertinences. The chanting priest, the pictured walls, the lighted altar, the surpliced boys, the swinging censor, every whiff of which I enhaled, brought all Rome again to mind. And Rome can smell so far! It is a dear old Church, the Roman, I mean,—and to-day I detest the Unitarians and Martin Luther and all the parliament of Barebones.

"January 8, 1843.

"To-day I heard High Mass at the Cathedral here, and with great pleasure. It is well for my Protestantism that we have no Cathedral in Concord; E. H. and I should be confirmed in a fortnight. The Unitarian Church forgets that men are poets.

"The Catholic religion respects masses of men and ages. It is in harmony with nature, which loves the race and ruins the individual. The Protestant has his pew, which of course, is the first step to a Church for every individual citizen, a Church apiece."

the public eye of America in Emerson's day as the creed of the most enlightened portion of the commonwealth. It was the reef toward which drifted many devout souls whose religious moorings had been broken, and in whom there yet remained some loyalty to the Master. As they were genuinely devout, they were unable to throw over all of Christianity as a monstrous lie or legend. To such people, full of "intellectual difficulties," Pusey's revived Anglicanism was an impossible heaven—it was only the Roman superstition under a new name. Starving with hunger they snatched the Unitarian crust, in a futile endeavor to satisfy the soul's craving for God by patriotic admiration of a distinguished member of the human race.

It was to these souls, genuinely devout, that Emerson spoke, and led them away from the triumphs of modern civilization to the Lonely, Original and Pure.* He adopted American vernacular in order to point a few Americans away from the ash and lava fields of Americanism to the lovely vales of the spirit. His great Master had earlier used the familiar phrases and catchwords of the Jews in order from that Jewish multitude to gather together a small band of disciples who might study the mysteries of the Kingdom. So Emerson, with subtle wisdom, dealt out to protesting Americans their most obstreperous doctrines of self-reliance and independence, yet with such skill as to enclose a seed of true wisdom that might happily germinate.

His writings are thus as esoteric as any Scripture. The larger number of his readers are as far from being his followers as Christians are from Christ's, and, in great measure, altogether lose Emerson's teaching. It is the limitations of his New England "flesh," his mental prejudices, his Americanism, that form, as Professor Norton says, the ideal of American youth. Emerson's teaching, if it could be openly expounded, would be scornfully repudiated by Americans. For it is the old, old teaching of the Ancient East, the Orientalism which America is proud to have outstripped, the doctrine that strenuous outer activity alone is of no intrinsic worth since "we are begirt with spiritual laws which execute themselves."

I have said that the familiar and precious sentences that Emerson joined together to make the *Essays* were, in good part, first written down in the Journals. But there is also much here that is unfamiliar. And there is the same felicitous, laconic, epigrammatic phrasing which made the old words unforgettable. I extract a few entries:

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* "The face of external nature teaches the same lesson with calm superiority. Nature will not have us fret and fume. She does not like our benevolence or our learning, much better than she likes our frauds and wars. When we come out of the caucus, or the bank, or the Abolition convention, or the temperance meeting, or the Transcendental club, into the field and woods, she says to us, 'So hot? my little sir.'"

"Unpalatable must be always the argument based upon the text, 'If ye do my Father's will, ye shall know of the doctrines,' and almost incapable of being used in conversation. It is felt as a personality."

"To an instructed eye the universe is transparent. The light of higher laws than its own shines through it."

"We are always getting ready to live, but never living."

"He that has once pronounced intelligently the word 'Self-renouncement,' 'Invisible Leader,' 'Powers of Sorrow,' and the like, is forever bound to the service of the superhuman."

"God brings us by ways we know not and like not into Paradise."

"Blessed is the day when the youth discovers that Within and Above are synonyms."

"Sects fatten on each other's faults."

"The truest state of mind, rested in, becomes false. Thought is the manna which cannot be stored. It will sour if kept, and to-morrow must be gathered anew."

Emerson stands out quite apart from our literary class that does not know just what to do with him. He is a scribe of the Silence; they are of the hour. "Converse with a mind that is grandly simple, and literature looks like word-catching. The simplest utterances are worthiest to be written, yet are so cheap, and so things of course, that in the infinite riches of the soul, it is like gathering a few pebbles off the ground, or bottling a little air in a vial, when the whole earth, and the whole atmosphere are ours. The mere author, in such society, is like a pickpocket among gentlemen, who has come in to steal a gold button or a pin."

C.

"We know not a millionth part of what Christ is to us, but perhaps we care less. Know what we are to him.

O Lord, I cannot plead my love of Thee:
I plead Thy love of me;—
The shallow conduit hails
The unfathomed sea."

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

A PRIMER OF THEOSOPHY

V

The Sources of the Secret Doctrine*

IN the introductory chapter to the first volume of the *Secret Doctrine* H. P. B. speaks of the "Wisdom Religion" as the inheritance of all nations, all over the world, and states that Gautama's *secret* teachings form but a very small part of the esoteric wisdom of the world since the beginning of our humanity, while he limited his *public* instructions to the purely moral and physiological aspects of the Wisdom Religion. Things "unseen and incorporeal" the great Teacher reserved for a select circle of his Arhats, who received their initiation at the famous Saptaparna cave near Mt. Baibhâs—(*Saptaparna—the seven-leafed plant*=man, with his seven principles).

The main body of the doctrines given is found scattered through hundreds and thousands of Sanskrit manuscripts, some already translated, more or less badly, others still in the vernacular. These are accessible to the scholar, while a few passages, taken from oral teaching or from the *Commentaries,* would be found difficult to trace. However, one thing is certain, says Mme. Blavatsky, that the members of several esoteric schools—the seat of which is beyond the Himalayas, and whose ramifications may be found in China, Japan, Thibet, India, and even in Syria and South America—claim to have in their possession *all* the sacred and philosophical works, whether in manuscript or in type, in whatever language or character, that have ever been written,—from the ideographic hieroglyphs down. And they claim also that these works have been carefully preserved in subterranean crypts and cave-libraries in the mountains of Western Thibet, and elsewhere.

The documents have been concealed, it is true, but the knowledge itself has always been made known to the chosen few through the medium of the great Adepts and teachers. More than one great scholar has stated that there never was a religious founder who had invented a new religion or revealed a new truth. They were all *transmitters,* not original teachers, and handed on fragments of the truths they had learned, couched in the symbolism of their own nation.

The teaching of the *Secret Doctrine* antedates the Vedas, and much of it has only been transmitted orally. The present book is based upon the *Stanzas of the Book of Dzyan,* a volume written in *Senzar,* the

* See *Path,* Oct. 1894.

secret sacerdotal tongue once known to the Initiates of every nation. This language, besides having an alphabet of its own, may be rendered in several modes of ideographic writing. The only original copy now in existence, says *Isis Unveiled,* is so old that modern antiquarians would not even agree upon the nature of the fabric upon which it was written. This archaic manuscript, says Vol. II of the *Secret Doctrine,* is a collection of palm leaves made impermeable to water, fire, and air, by some specific unknown process.

Tradition says that its contents were dictated to the first men of each race, by the Divine Beings whose duty it was to instruct them. The old book, having described cosmic evolution and explained the origin of everything on earth, including physical man, gives the true history of the races from the First, down to the Fifth, our present race, and stops short with the death of Krishna, about five thousand years ago.

It is the original work from which many of the most ancient volumes of occult learning in Chinese, Hebrew, Egyptian, Indian and Chaldean, have been compiled. Its influence can be traced in the Pentateuch itself, and an enormous number of commentaries, glosses, etc. have been written upon it. In the *Secret Doctrine* as we have it, certain portions of the Stanzas of the *Book of Dzyan* are printed, and extracts are also given from the Chinese, Thibetan, and Sanskrit translations of the original Senzar commentaries and glosses.

In addition we are told that it was from the Divine Teachers beforementioned that infant humanity got its first ideas of the arts and sciences, as well as of spiritual knowledge. The Cyclopean and Druidical remains found all over the world, are all, as well as many other ancient structures, the work of initiated Priest-Architects, the descendants of those primarily taught by the "Sons of God."

The *Secret Doctrine* is the accumulated Wisdom of the Ages, but such is the power of occult symbolism that the facts which countless generations of initiated seers and prophets have occupied themselves in marshalling, setting down, and explaining, are all recorded in a few pages of geometrical signs and glyphs. It is needless to say that the system in question is no fancy of one or of several isolated individuals, but is the one uninterrupted record covering thousands of generations of seers, whose respective experiences were made to test and to verify the traditions passed orally from one race to another, of the teachings of the Divine Instructors. For long ages the "Wise Men" of the Fifth, our own race, passed their lives in *learning, not teaching,* but in checking, testing, and verifying, in every department of nature, the traditions handed down to them by the independent visions of great Adepts; that is, *men* who have developed their physical, mental, psychic and spiritual powers, to the utmost possible degree. No vision of any one Adept was accepted till it was checked and confirmed by the visions—so obtained

as to stand as independent evidence—of other Adepts, as well as by centuries of experience.

The mysteries of Life and Death *were* fathomed by the great master-minds of antiquity; and if they preserved them in secrecy and silence it is because these problems formed part of the sacred Mysteries, and because they must always have remained incomprehensible to the vast majority of men, as indeed, they do now.

VI

The Elder Brothers

The student who has carefully followed these scanty outlines of a great scheme of philosophy, will have noticed that that scheme is based upon a few general laws whch are repeated in many ways, and like the laws of physical science hold good throughout the universe. The law of the conservation of energy applies to spiritual phenomena as well as physical, and the action of the laws of evolution is as unerring upon the higher planes as upon the lower. Human nature develops along the same lines as animal nature, and from the progress that man has made in the past, we can safely forecast something, at least, of his future.

"The faith which is born of knowledge," says Huxley, "finds its object in an eternal order, bringing forth ceaseless change, through endless time, in endless space, the manifestations of the cosmic energy alternating between phases of potentiality, and phases of explication." And by these endless alternations, sometimes called "the Great Breath," the universe develops, and the pebble beneath our feet changes from the mineral to the vegetable, and then to the animal, and finally to the human being. Beyond the man of to-day, what endless vistas of growth loom up, what ages of spiritual development! Huxley is often quoted as saying that it would be an impertinence to assert that there were not beings in the universe whose intelligence was as much beyond ours as ours is beyond that of the black beetle. Theosophy goes a step further, and asserts that such superior beings to ourselves, do exist among us, of different grades of development, and called by many names, one that they have given themselves being "The Elder Brothers."

When a planet has passed through its regular stages of development, it dies, and its inhabitants, by this time far advanced entities, pass on to another field of development, where they become the teachers, guides and friends of the new humanity. They keep the knowledge they have gained of the laws of nature in all her varied phases, and are always ready to use it for the benefit of mankind whenever cyclic laws permit, for only at the proper moment can this knowledge be given to the world by these Elder Brothers who have treasured it up for us all.

They have always existed as a body, known to each other, and in some periods of the world's history, known to the people among whom they worked. At such times, certain of the Elder Brothers have been recognized as great rulers, some as teachers, a few as great philosophers, while others are only known to the most advanced of their own body. It will be easily seen that it would be very dangerous for such beings to mingle openly with men, by whom they would either be worshipped, as gods, or persecuted as devils. In our present age, one of change and transition, when so much is based upon money and money values, it would be impossible for the Elder Brothers to permit themselves to be seen of men. In a fine paper written for the *Path* (Sept. 1894) Mr. J. H. Connelly points out very clearly the conditions of their being. "If they temporarily assumed corporeal bodies, they would appear just like other men, and if embodied in more tenuous matter they would be invisible. . . . By those to whom the Mahatmas (*Maha-Atma—great soul*) are personally known—and there are such—it is recognised that theirs is not an equality of development, the greater wisdom and spirituality of some elevating them to higher planes and endowing them with greater powers, than those attained by others, and such progression extends far beyond the range of normal human comprehension."

And Mr. Sinnett quotes from the letter of one of these Elder Brothers, who writes to explain why they were supposed to have failed in making any perceptible mark upon the history of the world. "What they have done, *they* know; all that those outside their circle could perceive was the results, the causes of which were masked from view. . . . There never was a time, within or before the so-called historical period, when our predecessors were not moulding events and 'making history.' We never pretended to be able to draw nations in the mass to this or that crisis in spite of the general drift of the world's cosmic relations. The cycles must run their rounds. . . . And we, borne along the mighty tide, can only modify and direct some of its minor currents."

The laws of evolution mould alike the world and its inhabitants, and when those inhabitants have learned all that their sojourn in their present environment can teach them, they are ready to instruct the dwellers in the next planetary system, to whom we shall be "the terrene ancestors." The Guardian Spirits furnished many of our earliest nations with divine Kings and Leaders who taught humanity their arts and sciences. They had finished their own cycles on earth and other worlds in preceding Rounds, and in future life-cycles they will have risen to higher systems than ours. (*Abg.* 145-452.)

It is an interesting fact that the tradition of divine rulers and teachers runs through all the early nations of the world, and they are called by many names. Adepts, Initiates, Magi, Wise Men, Masters,

and Mahatmas, among others. And when one of these has reached the final point of his development, if he refuse to enter Nirvana, he may exist on earth as an Adept, and when at last he dies, "he remains in that glorious body he has woven for himself, *invisible* to uninitiated mankind, to watch over and protect it." (*Voice of the Silence.* Note to the *"Seven Portals."*)

"There will be Initiates and profane till the end of this present life-cycle," and *the* Initiator, or the Watcher, the Divine prototype, called the GREAT SACRIFICE, will sit at the threshold of LIGHT, looking into it from the circle of Darkness which he will not cross; nor will he quit his post till the last ray of this life-cycle. Why does the solitary Watcher remain by his self-chosen post? Because the lonely pilgrims on their way back to their *home,* are never sure, up to the last moment, of not losing their way in this limitless desert of illusion called earth-life. . . . It is under the direct guidance of this Great Teacher that all the other less divine teachers of mankind, became from the first awakening of human consciousness, the guides of early humanity, and it is they who laid the first foundation-stones of those ancient civilisations that puzzle so sorely our modern archæologists. . . . In future life-cycles they will have risen to higher systems than ours, and it is the elect of our humanity who will take their places. The next Great Cycle of being will see the men of this, becoming the instructors and guides of a mankind whose Monads may be still imprisoned—semi-conscious—in the most intelligent of the animal kingdom, while their lower principles will perhaps be animating the highest specimens of the vegetable world." (*Abg.* 119-146.)

"The most intelligent being in the universe, man,—has never been without a friend," says Mr. Judge in *The Ocean of Theosophy,* "but has a line of Elder Brothers who continually watch over the less progressed, preserve the knowledge gained through æons of trial and experience, and continually seek to draw the developing intelligence of the race to consider the great truths concerning the destiny of the soul."

KATHARINE HILLARD.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE clergyman had been telling us that we were mediæval and reactionary. He had outgrown the superstitions of his youth. Theology and everything connected with it, he had thrown overboard with sulphur matches and crocheted antimacassars. Humanity—yes,—the service of humanity; the improvement of conditions; the equalization of opportunity; the raising of wages and of the standard of living; the refining of taste and desire—this was where effort should be directed, so that life on earth might be prolonged and heaven be found in the glow of an improved and more effective worldliness.

He was genuine in his sympathy for all who suffer; full of rebellion against injustice; passionate in his desire to force the rich to do their duty towards the poor: impatient with us—slightly contemptuous I suspect—but also slightly bewildered, for he has always known that in most directions we are more catholic than he is, including even Buddhism, which he despises, in our range of appreciative sympathy. He is a splendid man: large-hearted and generous—extraordinarily generous; but intolerant of everything that suggests his own past, and self-willed as Nietzsche would have made his Superman. He hates to listen; but the Philosopher broke through at last.

"I ventured to say to you the other day that you had never had an opportunity to think things out. You were brought up and educated into beliefs more or less orthodox. So far as I know, you held those beliefs for a number of years. Little by little you came into close contact with scepticism of various kinds. You found it impossible to meet and to overcome such scepticism with the weapons provided by your theological training, and your mind was too honest and too eager for truth, to permit you to close it against arguments which, so far as they went, were convincing. Consequently, step by step, you have abandoned your earlier beliefs, being proud (not without reason) of your achievement. But all that you have left to you is a mental positivism of negation, a deep love for humanity,—and a dim though haunting sense of pressure from within, which you cannot define, but which, in effect, drives you to ever more emphatic protest against what you regard as superstition.

"I was amused recently to find you making a distinction between ordained and unordained men, between clergy and laity—somewhat at my expense, and certainly in contradiction to much of your theoretical liberalism. This, from my point of view, shows that the emancipation is not yet complete—and I am glad of it!"

It was evident to those who know him that the Philosopher was

working himself up to the point of a long harangue; and it is always at this point that the Gael, with remorseless insistance, interrupts.

"Do not preach at the man," he said. "The only effect is to start his mind on defence and retort. Leave him to me." Then, turning to the clergyman, and pointing a finger at him after the manner of some physicians, the Gael proceeded to lay down the law.

"We are devoted to you," he said, "but you are bad—and there is no answer to that because to deny it would not be modest. So far, therefore, my remarks are unanswerable and you are without retort! Next: one of your worst offences is that you pretend to believe in something in which actually you have no belief at all. And you cannot deny that because as yet you do not know what I am talking about. This is not an indictment: it is a verdict. So sit still and listen.

"We have not had the advantage of your theological training—though its advantage depends upon the use you made of it. On the other hand, every one of us, for twenty years or more, has believed in Humanity,—and you do not!" (The clergyman's protest was smothered by the Gael's persistence.) "You do not even believe in yourself. If I had as low an opinion of myself as you have of yourself, a lime-kiln would be too good a depository for the thing that talks to you. Also, if I had as wretched an opinion of you as you have of yourself, it would be an insult to God who made you. . . . Listen,—please just for once listen!

"For twenty years or more, all of us have believed in man's perfectibility, and therefore in our own. Not all of us have had sense or strength enough invariably to make that belief dominant in our lives, as motive and as aim. But, theoretically, we have never for an instant lost it. You have never had it, and even now, as you hear it, you do not know what I mean, though you think you do. You reject Christ, at least in the sense of a living, conscious, perfected individual, because you do not believe in Man. That human beings, in all ages of the world, and among all nations, through their own efforts, but aided by those who have travelled the same path before them, should have attained to knowledge and power and to conscious immortality, impresses you, probably, as fantastic. But how account otherwise for the facts? First, that this is a belief which is common to all the world-religions, and to all people who have even so much as begun to act upon it; secondly, that history gives us instances of marvellous success—the lives and deeds of men for which there is more evidence than for the exploits of Alexander or of Julius Cæsar or of Genghis Khan. Consider the records that have come down to us of Krishna, of Buddha, of Zoroaster, of Jesus, of Apollonius, and of their disciples: what further proof do you need of human perfectibility? They were Masters of themselves and therefore of Nature. They demonstrated control of finer forces which elude our scientists. They could read not only the hearts of men, but the past and future of

souls. The very sight of them gave vision of God. And while one and all of them claimed to be specially representative of Deity, their message in each case was that they but pointed the road along which all humanity must travel to divine perfection and to eternal life."

The clergyman could not stand it any longer. "It is impossible to sit silent while you assume, for my supposed enlightenment, so ridiculous a proposition as this last—that there is as much reason to believe in the wonder-working life of Buddha as in the military exploits of Alexander. The former would have to be accepted, if at all, in defiance of reason and experience; the latter have been repeated in modern times, as, for instance, by Napoleon."

"Whose experience?" demanded the Gael. "I have seen more of wonder-working than of war—in this life; more of spiritual insight, more of spiritual force, more of the soul's memory, than of the power of the mailed fist. Would you limit human experience to your own? And are you so sure that you understand the origin and significance of much that happens to you and within you, every day that you live, regarded by you as common-place because familiar, but actually as wonderful, though not so clearly defined, as any incident in the life of Christ? You are fond of using modern catch-words—the 'sub-conscious' among them. Modern psychology tells us that the sub-conscious or subliminal sphere of us, in comparison with our normal, waking consciousness, is boundless. How much of it can you tap consciously and at will? None! Yet you know that poets and mathematicians, and all those who are capable of deep concentration, draw upon it constantly during sleep.

"Then you say 'contrary to reason': but in what way? Have you forgotten Professor Huxley—agnostic as he was: 'Nothing is impossible except a contradiction in terms.' (Incidentally, while quoting Huxley, there is his statement to the effect that it would be absurd to deny the probable existence of beings in the universe as much greater than man as we know him, as man is greater than a black-beetle.) 'Contrary to reason'! Where do you begin? With primordial protoplasm? But what preceded that, and that, and that? Have you not yet realized with Herbert Spencer that, so far as reason can take you, involution antecedes evolution, and that all the future that ever can be is contained potentially within the present, as an oak-tree exists potentially within the acorn? There is no beginning to infinity. Otherwise there would be end. And the spirit of man, containing the uttermost of his future development, springs from a source complete and perfect in itself, which is 'birthless and deathless and changeless,' and from which the spirit of man is not and never can be separate. Existence, therefore, implying movement, means growth—growth by cyclic progress; and this means perfectibility. . . . The trouble with you is that you take too small a view of man, of his destiny, of his capacity. You take too low a view

of man's ability to enjoy, to suffer, to achieve. You long for life and you wish to give others life in more abundance. But you limit life to its material expression, to its husk; and while husk is necessary until ripeness is reached, there comes a point at which life can and should be continued without that which has served to protect and to perfect it. The inner, at first vague in thought and amorphous in fact, should become clear-cut in thought and concrete in fact. From the chrysalis emerges the moth, and the moth is no longer limited to crawling over the surface of things, but is able to fly in the air: it has added a new dimension of space to its range of activity—as man may add a fourth.

"That is an old and hackneyed illustration, but I know of none better. St. Paul expressed the same theory of evolution in that part of his Epistle to the Corinthians which is now read as the lesson of the Burial Service. He tells us in considerable detail how the spiritual body is evolved—the body of immortality, the body of the resurrection, the body in which Christ appeared after the crucifixion. If you will re-read the records of the different appearances, you will find that instead of being less of a man, or less powerful than he was before his "death," Jesus had gained greater freedom of movement and immense increase in force.

"No one can be said to live, in St. Paul's meaning of the word, until he has attained that same degree of conscious immortality. And that is the destiny of man. Until that stage is reached, he comes and he goes—a bird of passage. When it is reached, he takes his place among the children of God, consciously immortal, a master of life."

The indignation of the clergyman at this point passed all bounds. I do not mean by this that he exploded in any way unbecoming to his cloth: he remained dignified and courteous. But it was evident that he was exercising great self-control.

"I do not think that it would serve any useful purpose to discuss this matter with you," he said. "You should be aware that I have left behind me the superstitions which for years blurred my vision of reality; and I do not mean to replace them with a view of man and of the universe which is at least as unintelligible as anything which I accepted blindly during my years of theological training. I wish you good evening, therefore, and shall hope to meet you again when we can talk at our ease about the weather or some other subject similarly inoffensive."

Thereupon the clergyman bowed his way from the room. "Leaving him to you," said the Philosopher to the Gael, "was not a great success. You never were what I would call a soothing person! You have made him as angry as he knows how to be, and he is as far from understanding what you had in your mind as before you began to speak."

The Gael smiled serenely. "Some of it will stick," he returned; "the truth always does. The more violent the immediate reaction, the

better chance there is that he will rebound to some acceptance of that which, at his present stage of development, he really needs to understand. He clings tenaciously to his so-called Humanitarianism, with God on the back seat; but it is not in the nature of a man as good as he is to remain content forever with so palsied a leg to stand on. Some day he will want a leg for his soul, and perhaps then he will remember and will accept that which now he has rejected."

"To my mind," said the Student, "you have done more harm than good. You cannot reason with a man in a mood like that. His whole attention is fixed upon his own point, in self-justification of his own acts, his own purposes—and his mind is closed to everything you say. The more I see of life, the more profoundly convinced I am of the wisdom—indeed of the necessity—of the time-honoured rule that nothing can be given save as it is asked. What you give before it is asked is taken only as an obstacle to be brushed aside; and so you prejudice your later power of giving—and the truth you have spoken, instead of coming fresh when needed, must now come bearing with it the old associations of hostile misunderstanding.

"There are only two courses open with such a man: either silence, or such positive, complete and unrelenting attack that all his opposition is battered down and he is driven to his knees. As usual, half measures are failures. He must either open himself of his own will to us—and we must wait and bear with him and cleave to him till he does—or we must be remorseless and relentless in pushing home the simple truth of his position. He has fallen from his faith and turned from it. The lust of life, the vigor of his body, the appeal of his senses, his quick, open-hearted, unreasoning sympathies for all who approach him, no less than his own ambition and love of notoriety—all have combined to snare him in the glamour of material things, till he deems them all there is: all that he knows with certainty, or with which he can influence as he wishes to influence his age and surroundings. He needs to be told that in this he is false to his priesthood—betraying the Master whom he professes to serve; that he is false to his congregation, to those who have trusted him and whose faith he has taken away and given nothing in its stead. He needs to see himself as he is,—and to be brought to his knees as he sees it.

"But I do not think that you can do it. Therefore I believe it is useless to talk with him till fate does it for him—till in some merciful Providence he falls so hopelessly and openly that he cannot turn away from the recognition of his sin. Then and then only will you be able to help him.

"There are many things you might say to make him do less harm to others than he is now doing, but few things that would do himself good. Therefore, I would have kept silence."

The Gael was in no way dismayed by this criticism of his method.

"There is an immense amount of truth in what you say," he replied, "but the real question is to what extent he is set in his opinions. Personally I do not accept your premises. It seems to me that the vehemence of his asseverations is a sign of weak, not of deep conviction. He tries to shout himself into belief. . . . But I should like very much to know what the Disciple thinks about it:" and the Gael turned to him with question in voice and manner.

The Disciple pondered the matter for several moments, and then said with great earnestness: "There is only one way to appeal to that man, and that is by an appeal to the finest quality he possesses—the characteristic in the *personality* which is an expression of his soul: his generous large-heartedness and earnest desire to aid suffering wherever he perceives it. His limitation here consists in his inability to sense the needs and privations of the soul, since he is as yet only aware of physical and mental needs. Make him feel that far worse than hunger, than bodily pain, than any form of social injustice, is the struggle and agony of the human soul searching for light. Help him to hear that terrible cry. Could he once hear, if only an echo of it, it would tear his heart with so vast a pity, that all other form of effort, save that which would give it satisfaction, would be lost in its intensity. Help him to hear that cry with which the world is ringing today: 'Lord save us, we perish'—for after hearing that, his ears would be opened to that other cry with which also the world is ringing, the voice of the Master beseeching us: 'Feed my sheep'."

"Perhaps you are right," said the Gael, "though it is difficult to see how a man can be made to hear the cry of souls until he has known within himself something of his own soul's longing. It well may be that, sometime in his own life, he has had experiences of that sort; but I cannot help thinking that during recent years he has brushed such memories aside as morbid and as unreal."

"You have not asked for my opinion," interjected the Sage, "and perhaps if I were an angel I should 'fear to tread', particularly as I do not pretend to know the man as you do. Judging by what the rest of you have said, however, it seems obvious that he has been too easily successful. His very real force and intellectual power are responsible for this. The outer man has been made at the expense of his own soul. Too many flowers have been strewn along his path. He is not a vain man in the ordinary sense, but he is wrapped up in a thick garment woven from the flattery and adulation of his followers. I am afraid that it is a case where pain—mental, not physical—must throw him back upon his God. The intensity of his own need alone can save him."

"There is an infinity of good in him," concluded the Gael, "and it would be a thousand pities if life itself did not come to the rescue with whatever experience may be needed to turn his heart and mind in the

one direction from which real help can be obtained. I do not think that many people can appreciate as I do, the personal sympathy and kindness of the man, and the sincerity of his desire to serve those who are in distress."

. . . . . .

The Recorder read the foregoing conversation aloud after he had written it down.

On this occasion the Orientalist was present and was asked for his contribution. "It is curious," he responded, "that your friend should dislike Buddhism, because, although nominally a Christian clergyman, actually he comes much nearer to being a Buddhist of the southern or materialistic kind. He is silent on the subject of God; he is vociferous on the subject of man—which the Buddhist is not, because the thought is native to him. Your friend is a convert.

"But the thing to do is to make him consistent in his Buddhism. Half measures are useless, in thought as in action. If he were logical; if he were true to his principles, he would, like Gautama, turn the full force of his heart and intellect upon the problem of sorrow's cause. He rebels against pain and poverty,—against death, disease and all the other ills to which flesh is heir. He has a deep and true compassion for those who suffer from them. But he has not thought out, as Buddha did, the method of removal. He is content to find the cause in the environment, and labours for the improvement of that. Strange that he has not discovered misery which environment does not and cannot affect: that he has not learned of the wealthiest as of the poorest that immersion in self is enough to make any home desolate!"

"What, then, would you recommend?" asked the Student.

"That he should be converted formally and officially to Buddhism," answered the Orientalist. "Personally, as you know, I sympathize with the Christian method: I believe that love of God is the first and greatest commandment. But evidently your friend feels otherwise. Let him practise Buddhism, then, as well as preach it. Let him follow in the footsteps of Buddha and ask himself, 'What is sorrow's cause?' You will remember the answer, though, if you wish to quote it, here it is" —and the Orientalist took from one of the shelves a volume of the *Sacred Books of the East*. "It is in the *Mahâvagga,*" he said. "Here it is:

" 'This, O Bhikkhus, is the Noble Truth of Suffering: Birth is suffering; decay is suffering; illness is suffering; death is suffering. Presence of objects we hate, is suffering; Separation from objects we love, is suffering; not to obtain what we desire, is suffering. Briefly, the fivefold clinging to existence is suffering.

" 'This, O Bhikkhus, is the Noble Truth of the Cause of suffering: Thirst, that leads to re-birth, accompanied by pleasure and lust, finding

its delight here and there. (This thirst is threefold), namely, thirst for pleasure, thirst for existence, thirst for prosperity.

" 'This, O Bhikkhus, is the Noble Truth of the Cessation of suffering: (it ceases with) the complete cessation of this thirst,—a cessation which consists in the absence of every passion,—with the abandoning of this thirst, with the doing away with it, with the deliverance from it, with the destruction of desire.

" 'This, O Bhikkhus, is the Noble Truth of the Path which leads to the cessation of suffering: that holy eightfold Path, that is to say, Right Belief, Right Aspiration, Right Speech, Right Conduct, Right Means of Livelihood, Right Endeavour, Right Memory, Right Meditation.'*

"But your clergyman," continued the Orientalist, "need not be frightened unduly by the ascetic demands. Buddha did not believe in extremes. Hear him in the same chapter:

" 'And the Blessed One thus addressed the five Bhikkhus: 'There are two extremes, O Bhikkhus, which he who has given up the world, ought to avoid. What are these two extremes? A life given to pleasures, devoted to pleasures and lusts: this is degrading, sensual, vulgar, ignoble, and profitless; and a life given to mortifications: this is painful, ignoble, and profitless. By avoiding these two extremes, O Bhikkhus, the Tathagata has gained the knowledge of the Middle Path which leads to insight, which leads to wisdom, which conduces to calm, to knowledge, to the Sambodhi, to Nirvanâ.'

"On the other hand, it would be a mistake to make too little of the requirements. When you undertake his conversion" (and the Orientalist smiled encouragement at the Gael), "it would be as well to mention the 'hindrances.' They are enumerated in *Tevigga Sutta:*

" 'And in the same way, Vâsettha, there are these five hindrances, in the Discipline of the Noble One, which are called veils, and are called hindrances, and are called obstacles, and are called entanglements:

" 'The hindrance of lustful desire,

" 'The hindrance of malice,

" 'The hindrance of sloth and idleness,

" 'The hindrance of pride and self-righteousness,

" 'The hindrance of doubt.'

"If he is to be made a Buddhist," commented the Gael, "I leave his conversion to you! I prefer my own plan; and I do not like converts. I want to make him what he pretends to be—a Humanitarian with a belief in man." T.

* S. B. E., vol. xiii, pp. 94-96; M; I, 6, 17-22.

ELEMENTARY PAPER

The Mystery and Magic of Sound

THE study of sound is one of the most interesting in our modern physics, and whoever reads Prof. Tyndall's "Lectures on Sound" will surely be charmed by them, while the study of sound from a musical standpoint may be even more fascinating. But Theosophy has opened another door revealing unthought of mysteries in sound. H. P. B. says, "The army of the voice is a term closely connected with the mystery of sound and speech, and it has been said that the words spoken by, as well as the name of every individual largely determines his future fate." Again, she tells us that, "To pronounce a word is to evoke a thought and make it present. The magic potency of the human speech is the commencement of every manifestation in the occult world. Names and words are either beneficent or maleficient; they are in a certain sense either venomous or health-giving according to the hidden influences attached to their elements—that is to say the letters which compose them and the numbers correlated to those letters." (*Secret Doctrine, Abridgment,* pp. 77.) And from further information given in the *Secret Doctrine* one feels sure that H. P. B. is quite right in saying that the spoken word has a potency unknown and unsuspected by modern sages, for it seems never to have occurred to them that "certain vibrations in the air are sure to waken corresponding powers with good or evil results as the case may be;" and she is entirely outside of their world when she says, "Sound is the most potent and effectual magic agent, and the first of the keys which opens the door between mortals and the immortals." But she makes even more startling statements yet (*S. D.* 264-265 *Abridgment*). "We say that sound, for one thing is a tremendous occult power, and may be produced of such a nature as to raise the pyramid of Cheops in the air, or to revive and restore a dying man, even at his last breath. For sound generates, or rather draws together, elements that produce an Ozone, the fabrication of which is beyond chemistry, but within the limits of Alchemy. It may even resurrect a man or animal whose astral vital body has not been irreparably separated from the physical body by the magnetic or odic chord. As one saved thrice from death by that power, the writer ought to be credited with knowing personally something about it." Readers of the *Secret Doctrine* will also

remember the passage which says that, "Vach and Kwan Yin both stand for the occult potency of sound in nature and Ether, which *voice* calls forth the illusive form of the universe out of chaos and the seven elements."

Hippolytus, an early Christian father tells us that Marcus received a mystic revelation. "It was revealed to him that the seven heavens sounded each one vowel which combined together formed a complete doxology, the sound whereof being carried down to earth, became the creator and parent of all things that exist on earth." St. John in the tenth chapter of Revelations and in other places speaks of the seven thunders, voices, or sounds. And in other parts of the Bible we find mystic language in which under the light of the *Secret Doctrine* are hidden great truths about creation that our own modern Scientists have not yet attained to. How was the world and man created? "By evolution," the scientist replies. "Out of the homogeneous has come the heterogeneous; out of star dust worlds have been made, and out of a drop of protoplasm the human body has been unfolded." How? The scientist does not know, but perhaps the Hebrew Seer has some insight into the problem when he says "by the Word of God," "by the breath of His mouth;" "For he spake and it *was,* he commanded and it stood fast." (Psalm 33: 6, 9.) This put into plain language means by sound, that is vibrations. In the first chapter of Genesis too, this thought is put in dramatic form, "And God said Light! and light was." (Gen. 1.3.) Regarded in this way, it may be that the story of the falling of the walls of Jericho was something more than a silly legend. There are those who assert that by constant repetition of certain notes you could disorganize the steel in a bridge and ultimately break it down, just as a glass shade has been broken by the vibration of a note struck on a piano. So when the Bible represents God as sending out his voice and through it calling worlds into existence and also destroying them, it may be expressing a great truth. The Welsh people have a tradition that the ancient Druids raised their great stones, not by material instruments, but by the magic power of the chant. They say that the ancient Bards trained great choirs so that by their occult knowledge of magical sounds they lifted the great stones to their places. I have already quoted H. P. B. as saying that by the magical power of sound the Pyramid of Cheops could be raised in the air.

Our two most prominent channels of communication with the outer world are the eye and the ear, and their mysteries of structure and action are about equally wonderful. They are both made to respond to vibrations. The eye catches and measures the pulsations of ether (which is far more delicate than the atmosphere) whose shaking produces light. The ear detects and interprets the vibrations that travel to the mind as sound. Two waves of vibration at once break through the ears upon

the brain, yet they fall in perfect time and are reported as one sound to the soul that uses this double set of senses to contact it with the wonders of the world. The eye has a wonderful power to see several colors in a landscape or a picture and yet receive one impression of symmetry and beauty. Each color is caused by a certain fixed number of vibrations upon the eye, of inconceivable swiftness, yet to enjoy a glorious view in nature, or a triumph of art on canvas where blue and gold and purple are mingled, the eye must be played upon incessantly by different sets of vibrations, and yet be quick enough in its report to hold the colors distinct for the inspection and enjoyment of the mind. But the wonder of the ear is just as great as that of the eye. Each object in nature is endowed with the power of influencing the air by vibrations. The ear is delicate enough in its sensibility to distinguish the whole gamut of the voices of things. When fifty different instruments or several stops in a great organ are pouring sheets of braided vibrations through its narrow tunnel upon its drum, it is not overpowered, but analyzes them, and trembles to the most subtle pulsations that thrill through the surges of tone, detects whether the instruments or pipes are properly balanced or combined, and enables the mind to discern the grade of sentiment and the degrees of genius that dispose and vitalize all. We used to admire the power of Cæsar who, it was said, could dictate to six scribes at once. But in the cultured human ear listening to a symphony you have threescore reporters talking at once to an inward Cæsar who rapidly condenses their incessant speech into orderly information, and is free to respond also with the imagination and heart to the quality—whether inspiring, pathetic, or amusing—of the news they bring.

As the voice corresponds precisely with the character of the instrument by which it is made so does the living voice reveal the nature of the creature producing it. The cooing of the dove, the roaring of the lion, the growl of the tiger, the bleat of the sheep, the neighing of the horse, the braying of the ass, or the grunt of the pig—each has a voice according to his character. So the human voice is an indication of the individual character. The intonations modified by cultivation and refinement are not the same as in the uncultured man. Take two men from the same class, one educated and refined, he speaks in a low modulated key, regulating all intonations, expressing each thought and emotion with the proper word. The other altogether uneducated, speaks on a high key at the top of his voice, without modification or regulation. So that by listening to men's voices you can tell whether the lower propensities have been brought into subjection to the intellectual and moral sentiments, or whether these are controlled by appetites and passions. Where the moral and religious sentiments are strong the voice is mellow, sweet, and subdued, with a grace, a gentleness, and a charm, so that even in the dark you could easily distinguish a person of a devout character

from a pugilist or a drunken vagabond. There is as great a difference as there is between the voice of a ferocious wolf and that of a gentle lamb.

The method of a great musical composer is the most subtle of all the processes of genius and comes nearest in kind to the method of the Creator as represented in the Bible. The sculptor, the painter and the poet all work slowly and cannot always clearly express their ideas and feelings. But the grandest inspirations of great composers seem to be caught without distortion or deflection of their first majesty and grace. So far as subtlety and mystery of genius is concerned Mozart is greater than Shakespeare. His conception of Lear, Hamlet, and Othello dawned on the great dramatist's vision and was slowly wrought out into rhythmic fact. The process was not so mystical, so akin to the Divine calling of the world from the invisible as was Mozart's creation of a grand passage in a Symphony or an Opera. According to his own account it did not come to him in a thin stream of melody, nor in a theme that he expanded by a conscious mental effort. It burst full-voiced, as it were from an ideal orchestra or a celestial choir, upon his imagination from which it was only copied into human score.

No wonder a poet said of a great musician:—

"What a vast majestic structure thou hast builded out of sound
With its high peaks piercing heaven, and its base deep under ground,
Vague as air, yet firm and real to the spiritual eye."

What a mighty power has sound in speech and music—power to build and power to destroy! There are many reports of Jenny Lind's first visit to New York, but all agree that the power of her voice was magical. When she sang the little love song "Coming thro' the Rye" she gave expression to the social feelings and her voice was lively, rattling and joyous, stirring the same faculties in those who listened, so they all laughed and were merry. But when she sang "I know that my Redeemer Liveth," there was a grandeur and a solemnity in her tones which seemed unconsciously to lift the great audience to their feet and hold them spell-bound by the magic of her voice. So the human voice in speech and song inspires courage, hope, fear, trust and love, and shakes the soul to its center. H. P. B. left us a little book, *The Voice of the Silence,* which tells us that if we will yield ourselves to the Master Builder he will without material tool build the temple of the soul, and do it by the magic of the silent voice.

JOHN SCHOFIELD.

The Sixth Sense, by Charles H. Brent. It has long ceased to be pertinent to point out that mystics are not necessarily dreamers or religious fanatics. Writers like Von Hügel, Tyrrell, James, have by their serious treatment of mysticism forever removed the subject beyond the reach of the amateur and set it firmly on a basis of scientific scholarship. But the world has not yet grasped the idea that the mystic is not only *not* insane, but is in reality the only sane man among us; that the normal man is the mystic; that the exercise of the mystic sense is what distinguishes man from animal; and that instead of the mystic sense being used for one exclusive purpose "it is only under its operation that man's faculties, one and all, become human."

These facts are set forth in Bishop Brent's *The Sixth Sense,* with all the force of a clear and intuitive mind. He regards the Sixth Sense as the Mystic Sense, the sense "which relates man to the spiritual or psychic aspect of reality," just as man's physical senses relate him to its material aspect. "There is an objective physical world and an objective psychic or spiritual world." The latter is immanent in the former, or, in other words, "every material object has spiritual contents." "The spiritual is no more an inside without an outside than the physical is an outside without an inside." The physical is a medium through which the phases of the spiritual are reached. If it were not a sacrament it would be a phantasm. And just as the physical world is perceived by a sensory apparatus of a substance identical in nature so the spiritual world must be sensed with spiritual faculties—that is proved spiritually.

Faith in its larger meaning is the term used to cover the entire workings of the Mystic Sense. It gives substance to things hoped for, is the testing of things not seen. "When the Mystic Sense goes exploring in high altitudes it never comes back empty handed." Health of body is one of the gifts it brings, for its influence on the physical man is always salutary, frequently indispensable if a cure is to be worked. Health of mind is a still greater gift. "A blithe spirit in a feeble body can accomplish more than a sluggish spirit in a robust body." "Mere existence and mere longevity are false gods."

"The mind includes the Mystic Sense in somewhat a similar way to the manner in which the body includes the physical senses." The Mystic Sense perceives and the mind acts. One of its chief functions is to present hypotheses. On its findings science confidently builds; by means of its hypotheses invention and discovery proceed. "Generalization of a tentative character precedes and gives a starting point for induction." The doctrine of evolution, the definitions of mathematics are children of the Mystic Sense. Poetry, the parent of prose, is its embodiment.

Character is the Mystic Sense expressing itself in life. The inner ear of this sense delivers its message through conscience. The price men set on character is so high that frequently one puts as much effort into pretending he has it as, turned in the right direction, would win him the real thing: thus he pays "the price of gold for tinsel." But just as religion without morality becomes superstition, so character must have a solid point on which to rest. "Righteousness, which is the Christian term for morality, is to be had only in part by the practise of embrac-

ing the excellent and bathing our mystic self in the fountain of ideals." "The end of life is religion, and the end of religion is to know God."

Here is the point at which, perhaps, most of all Bishop Brent has pushed mysticism beyond the limits ordinarily accorded to it, has insisted on its normality, its universality. "Just as the sense of bodily sight which views the dirt beneath our feet is the same sense which contemplates the blue sky, so the inner sense of sight which perceives an electron, an ideal, or a hypothesis is the same sense which sees God. It is as possible to see God as to see a hypothesis, and as possible—(not more and probably less), to see a hypothesis as to see God." In a footnote it is explained that a hypothesis receives passively our quest, while God moves to meet us.

Taking its beginning in mere gropings, like the baby's awkward use of his limbs, the Mystic Sense can be trained by use till it is capable of orderly and accurate movements. Its early beginnings in superstition are analogous to a false scientific hypothesis. Both are capable of developing into ascertained fact. But here Bishop Brent utters a warning against extreme individualism. "Mystic experience must be organized like all other experience." In fact, the danger of individualism is greatest in religion: "a church is more necessary than a chamber of commerce, a national government, or an academy of science."

Thus the whole reach of the Sixth Sense is defined as indispensable to the normal man, salutary in its effects physically and morally, holding within itself the key to knowledge of spiritual as well as of material things, capable of growing from faint beginnings by appropriate exercise like any other faculty, and, like all other faculties of man, dependent for its normal development on the corresponding faculties of all other men. If any reader thinks that this summary claims too much for a faculty which to him seems vague or unverifiable let him give this little book a half dozen careful readings. It is packed tight with meanings which gradually, as the line of thought becomes familiar, relate themselves to individual experience. In the fullest sense it is a book to make one think. L. E. P.

Spiritual Science, Here and Hereafter, by Sir William Earnshaw Cooper. In this day of small families and thick books, many volumes come from the press which one hesitates to put onto the scales for critical weighing. Chief among this class is a certain range of books that speak eloquently of the devotion and zeal of their authors, yet at the same time leave one to regret that this enthusiasm had not found some other outlet than the printed page. *Spiritual Science* is of this number—one comes to respect the author's earnest desire to bring to his fellows the light that has illumined his own experience. But what a pitiful substitute it is for the "light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world!"

There are nearly four hundred pages devoted to a practical, "business-like" exposition of the fundamentals of Spiritualism, to which the author assigns some 20,000,000 adherents. His interest is not in the dramatics of the seance room, but in the "cultivation of the highest mediumistic form—that form of mediumism which attracts the mighty ones from heaven's highest reaches, and invites *and compels*" (the italics are the reviewer's) "the co-operation of those who form part of heaven's great hierarchy."

This fearful picture of man issuing commands to high heaven does not stand alone. Earlier in the book we are told that the spiritual body is "the Working Partner in our Earth-life." At another point the author refers to the "Occult Sciences," classing among them "Theosophism, Swedenborgianism, Spiritism and others." He states that they all agree on two points—"The survival of man after death" and "Communication with those who have passed onwards to the wider life beyond." Probably few adherents of that philosophy of life that is called Theos-

ophy would assent to the second of these two propositions. To those who are seeking the path of discipleship, this book has neither illumination nor guidance to offer, for it does not lead in their direction. I. E. P.

The Life Everlasting, by Marie Corelli. In the Prologue of her latest romance, Marie Corelli traces her line of thought from her first book to the last, showing the evolution of her conception of life and of man's responsibilities. As a "human document" this Prologue cannot fail to be of interest to many who might not be attracted to the story which it precedes.

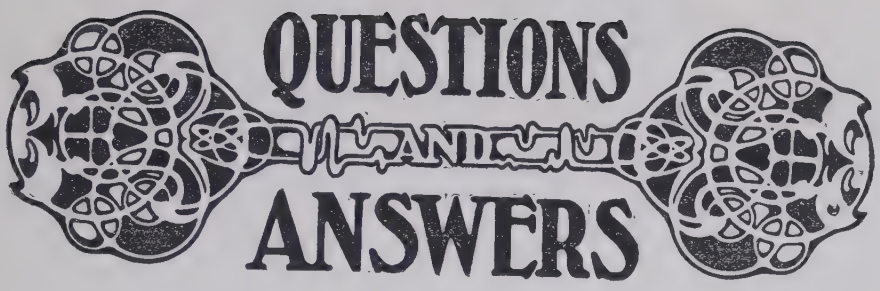
Miss Corelli takes up in her Prologue the possibility of communication with departed spirits, and declares in the most positive way that such communication is not according to natural law, and therefore can never be. She is convinced that the so-called "dead" are not dead at all; that they have merely been removed to new spheres of action, but under such circumstances that they cannot communicate with us in any way unless they again assume human form and human existence. "It often happens," she says, "that when obstinate humanity persists in considering its own ideas of right and wrong as superior to the eternal decrees, that a faulty civilization sets in, to be presently swept back upon its advancing wheels and forced to begin again. In the same way a faulty Soul, an imperfect individual Spirit, is likewise compelled to return to school and resume the study of the lessons it has failed to put into practice. . . . Spirit—the creative Essence of all that is—works in various forms, but always on an ascending plane, and it invariably rejects and destroys whatever interrupts that onward and upward progress." The Prologue ends with these words: "The Fountain of Youth and the Elixir of Life were dreams of the ancient mystics and scientists, but they are not dreams of to-day. To the soul that has found them they are Divine Realities."

As for the romance itself, it would seem futile to attempt to describe its characters and its incidents, since they appear to the author herself of so little value as compared with its teachings. Through the arguments between the millionaire of the story and its heroine, Miss Corelli is constantly striving to impress upon her readers the conviction that Love, and Love alone is the web and texture of happy Immortality. "Wouldst thou have eternal Life? Then find the secret in eternal Love!—To Love there is no time, no space, no age, no death! What it gives it receives again,—what it longs for, comes to it without seeking,—God withholds nothing from the faithful soul!"

Some profound philosopher has defined imagination as "an advanced perception of truth." Frequently our author seems to be endowed with such perceptions —as when she says: "In the infinitude of space there is no time, but only Eternity. Therefore the Soul which knows itself to be eternal should associate itself with eternal things and should never count existence by years. . . . The joy of life is to love rather than to be loved—and the recipient of love is never so fully conscious of perfect happiness as the giver."

The author's meaning and purpose throughout this story are entirely clear. Her reach is evidently long. And while it may seem to some of her readers that she seeks "the secret of life, the secret of youth, the secret of love" on a plane lower than that on which they must have their real being—no one can presume to judge how far she has tempered her own philosophy, again, to the supposed tastes and prejudices of her public. KATHERINE HILLARD.

The second volume of *Letters That Have Helped Me* has been translated into German and published by Paul Raatz. The paper, type and binding are all admirable and a most presentable book is the result. Copies bound in paper cost 60 cents; cloth, 85 cents. It is hardly necessary to commend this work to the readers of the QUARTERLY. It should be in the library of every member. G.



QUESTION 134.—*What is the most important fact for a beginner in Theosophy to learn: and what is the most important quality or power for him to develop?*

ANSWER.—The most important fact for the beginner in Theosophy to learn is that all knowledge is relative to the knower; and that therefore true toleration is the *sine qua non* of Theosophy. The most important power for him to develop is the power to start again. Intellectually this means plasticity, to be able to change his mind whenever new light requires it. Morally it means to start afresh without pride or self consciousness after every failure. I say *every* failure, because the sooner a theosophist recognizes the certainty that he is going to make a great many failures, and that in reality he is no good till he has made a few and learned their lessons, the better it will be for him. Occultism, being a matter of individual development, is based on trial and error. For we learn more from our mistakes than from our successes, more from our sorrows than from our joys. It would be a good idea to apply this principle to others. When a man makes a stupid or terrible mistake of any sort why not say, "What a wonderful lesson he has received!" or "What a wonderful chance he has for self-conquest!" Such a practice would help us to a deeper understanding of toleration. L. E. P.

ANSWER.—"Doctor," asked the medical student, "which would you say was the most important of the gastric juices?" "That one," replied the physician, "which in the given case and at the given time is secreted in the most insufficient quantity." M.

ANSWER.—In George Fox's *Journal* there is constant repetition of a phrase which it would be well for all to make their own who seek to interpret life to others. Fox met many men and records that with each he "spoke to his condition." It is the step ahead from where he now stands, that to each of us is the most important step—for until we take it we can take no other. Therefore the knowledge of this step is the most important fact for us to know, and the power to take it is the most important power to develop. But what this fact and this power is differs from individual to individual.

The question speaks of a "beginner in Theosophy." Surely this is a strange misconception of the possible. If Theosophy be the "applied wisdom of God," no one of us can be beginners in it. We need not regard men as standing on different levels—though this is true—but we must recognize that they stand at different points and that the road ahead begins for each from precisely where he stands. B.

ANSWER.—One of the interesting tricks of the mind is its way of leading us to believe in "last analyses", in "final methods", in "ultimate goals", and, all our experience of life to the contrary, we are prone to delude ourselves into thinking that some day we shall comfortably hold in our laps and gloat over the pot of veritable gold at the end of the Theosophical rainbow.

The really interesting thing about a small baby is not that he is beginning to learn to be a perfect, ultimate baby, but that he will soon begin to be a lively boy, and then he will begin to be a man, and then he will begin to be a citizen, a husband, a father, a factor in the life of the nation. So the most important thing for a beginner in Theosophy to learn is that Theosophy itself is but the beginning of a life, and that before he has fairly begun to live Theosophy he will naturally and normally begin to find comradeship in another beginning which will test his ability to endure the essence of all things, and to withstand the consuming fire of joy.

What is the most important faculty or power for him to develop? Why, if he is to be forever a beginner, a learner, the most important thing to develop is teachableness—obedience—detachment from things and from self,—attachment to the will and love of the Master; beyond that there must be other beginnings on the planes of reality where, as Plato said, "The designs of all earthly things are laid up."

K. D. P.

Answer.—A beginner in theosophical reading and study is confronted with a staggering array of new facts and ideas, rich in suggestiveness, deep and far-reaching in implication. They deal with distinct sides of a man's nature,—broadly speaking his intellect and his soul. And the first appeal is more often made to the intellect, because our modern literature gives little attention to Reincarnation, Karma, Planetary Chains, Seven Principles, or even to Saints and Masters of Wisdom. Out of this mass of New Knowledge our questioner wishes, if we read him aright, to plant his feet firmly on some one, solid, fundamental fact—the most important—on which to build a secure superstructure. A knowledge of the Secret Doctrine of Theosophy will do but little good, however, unless the spirit in which that knowledge has been acquired is seconded by serious and earnest realization of the vital importance and tremendous power of the Theosophic life. Theosophy is not meant to be studied alone, to be thought about alone; it must be lived. The first fact for a beginner in Theosophy to learn is, then, that he is approaching a subject which will demand all of his attention, all of his life and energy—not away from his daily life, but in and through the course of every occupation or activity. Until this fact, this question, is clearly and seriously faced by every student, his knowledge will avail him little and cannot go very deep. This leads directly to the second half of the question—what is the most important faculty or power to develop. Undoubtedly the most important is self-control, or, speaking on another plane, the spiritual will as against the personal self-will. As soon as the student enters the path in quest of higher knowledge by which to lead and guide his life, he must acquire a sure hand in regulating the actions, thoughts, and speech of his ordinary existence; and the conflict between his lower and higher self will call forth at the start a necessity for self-discipline and self-control. Whether the beginner understands or thinks he understands Reincarnation and Karma or not makes very little difference if he can develop the will to do, in spite of disgust or ennui or open rebellion. And having once obtained this control, having awakened the spiritual will he is in a position to acquire vastly greater information and to demand a much more exhaustive knowledge on all the inner planes, than he ever could before.

C. K.

Question 135.—*In* Letters that Have Helped Me *I find the statement that the Law is only conscious of injustice as an infliction, without any recognition of personalities, and that therefore an injustice to oneself is as much a wrong as an injustice to another. In* Light on the Path, *we are told that when the neophyte has reached a certain point he can never again raise his voice in self defense or*

excuse. In other words he must suffer any injustice to himself without protest, and allow misunderstandings to grow without attempting to remove them. It seems to me that there is a contradiction here. Will some one explain?

ANSWER.—The two statements are perfectly reconcilable when one realizes that the Neophyte who has reached the point of development spoken of in *Light on the Path* has absolutely surrendered all individual rights. Nothing subject to outward stress is his to defend. The only possible wrong which he might suffer would be on an interior plane, such as failure to give his powers the widest possible scope and fullest training. This is injustice to oneself which the Law would assuredly be conscious of as an infliction.

Submission and silent acquiescence to outward injustice is insisted upon over and over again. Mr. Judge preached it in his letters and exemplified it in his life. Through it the great Masters have inculcated the highest truths. A. E.

ANSWER.—The very fact that the Law is only conscious of injustice as an infliction should lead us to understand why the Neophyte after he has reached a certain point, i. e., Knowledge of the Law, can never again raise his voice in self defense. What we term "The Law" is the natural order of the Universe, and It, being only conscious of injustice, is applied only to the restoration of the natural harmonies which are disturbed by thoughts and deeds of injustice. The Neophyte can suffer injustice to himself only by setting up opposing injustice, and when he does this the Law, being impersonal, operates as strongly against the acts of injustice committed by him as It does against the acts of injustice which he seeks to oppose. His duty, under the Law, is well stated in: "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

In other words, knowing of the Law, the Neophyte must "stand aside" and allow The Law to bring order out of chaos. As under the Law "misunderstandings" cannot "grow" unless one attempts "to remove them," so the Neophyte is protected by his knowledge and love of the Law. We cannot "suffer without protest." Unless we "protest" there really cannot be any suffering, our protest may not be made in words or actions, but it is made in our natures. When we reach that "certain point" where we can truly say, "I take my refuge in Thy Law of Good" we are above the need of self defense, above the feelings of outraged personalities, and we will no longer raise our voices in protest. We will know the truth of:

> Ye suffer from yourselves, none else compels,
> None other holds you that ye live and die,
> And whirl upon the Wheel, and hug and kiss
> Its spokes in agony. F. A. B.

ANSWER.—Any act of injustice involves two parties: the doer and the recipient. One of the authorities quoted is, it seems to me, dealing with the doer and the other with the recipient. So the apparent contradiction is like that seen in a pair of gloves and disappears when they are related as they were made to go. In *Light on the Path* the teaching is with reference to the duty of the one who is the recipient of injustice. In *Letters that Have Helped Me* a different situation is discussed, the case of the doer of injustice. To be sure the man who does injustice to himself is both doer and recipient; but it is in his capacity as doer that he is here rebuked, and in the same terms that would be used for the doer of injustice to another. I. E. P.

ANSWER.—I see no contradiction. The similarity of wrong between doing one's self an injustice and doing injustice to another, has nothing to do with the resenting of an injustice which another does us. G. HIJO.

QUESTION 136.—*How can I increase my love of the Masters? By this I mean a personal love, not merely an abstract feeling of gratitude and appreciation?*

ANSWER.—"How can I increase my love for the Masters?" Is it not true that the Masters' love is an impersonal love? And must we not return love in kind? I very much fear that we are all inclined to render our gratitude and appreciation to the Masters in a personal way. This is because our sense of personal things is so strong that it shuts out the idea of the impersonal. The Masters' love, like the Sun, shines for all. We can take a "burning glass" and concentrate the sunshine and make of it a consuming fire, likewise we can take the "personal self" and make of it a "burning glass" and concentrate a few rays upon some object or person, and then, in the fullness of our desire, we turn the "burning glass" upon ourselves and are consumed thereby. This seems to be our way of testing the strength of our love—by trying it on ourselves.

If we really desire to increase our love for the Masters we must first partake of the Masters' love, and in so far as we do this in that measure will our power to love others increase—for in loving others we love the Masters.

F. A. B.

ANSWER.—By service. The more we do for a person the more firmly do we become attached to that person. If we seek to find out what a friend likes and get it for him at some cost, we not only awaken his love but intensify our own. If we can think of the Masters as personal friends and do everything that we believe will please them and forward their cause we shall find our personal love for them increasing. Or if we think of them as leaders and comrades in a great cause it will be perfectly natural for our love for them to increase as does that of the soldier for his comrade in arms, his captain, or his general. If we are fellow-workers in any unselfish cause our fellowship increases our attachment to each other. The Masters are leaders, teachers, comrades, friends, fellow-workers, brothers; and to think of them as such will surely increase our love for them.

J. S.

ANSWER.—By consecrating our lives to their work. This means, first, doing the duties that are nearest to us; second, striving in every way to fit ourselves to help and teach others—giving ourselves in unselfish service, so that the general average may be a little higher; third, doing all this with the constant thought that we are doing it for the Master, offering work and life to Him for His use. It is only by keeping the image of the Master constantly in our hearts that we finally awaken to His presence, His power and His love. G. L. O.

ANSWER.—The questioner is wise to seek some means of making his love of the Masters more personal and less abstract. As soon as belief in Masters has been assimilated, every effort should be made to understand with increasing definiteness the nature of a Master and of a Master's love. The trouble with most of us is that our ideals are too vague. But intellectual processes will not give us understanding. Meditation and action are the only means. Masters are human and have divinely human qualities—qualities altogether admirable and desirable, which it should be our effort to acquire. Meditation will give us the first glimpse. Action will give us vision. For as soon as we catch a glimpse, we must try to

express in and through ourselves the glimpse we have caught. In other words, to know the doctrine we must live the life; to draw near to the Masters in understanding and in love, we must strive in all things for likeness to them. This means that we must obey their commandments,—which are an expression of the laws of life by which they themselves are governed. The smallest act of obedience gives more insight than the reading of libraries without obedience, for every such act gives vision for the next, and power with which to perform it. So, also, our love becomes more personal,—we, making it personal by the expression of it through our personalities, as the call of daily duty gives opportunity for obedience, in speech, manner, feeling, motive,—to that ideal of personality which Masters have attained. E. T. H.

QUESTION 137.—*How would you interpret such an experience as this? With a sincere desire to help others I saw what I thought was an opportunity and took advantage of it—only to be met with a cold rebuff and a closing up of all channels of communication with the person I had desired to help.*

ANSWER.—I think the lesson to be learned is one of courage and patience with oneself. You tried to help and were rebuffed. Do not stop trying to help but rather try to help differently—more perfectly—that is to say with less of self in your motive for helping.

I think it is largely a question of putting oneself in that other person's place. We all find it infinitely more difficult to accept lovingly than to give lovingly. The picture of ourselves accepting is not as lovely to look upon as that of ourselves giving. We all glow at the thought of being a helper—glow while looking at the lovely picture. The person whom we are trying to help and at the same time using as a minor figure in our background is, unfortunately, looking at a very different scene where the central figure is being helped. Naturally there is a rebuff.

Our love must be warm enough and big enough to melt away the difficulties of accepting. We must forget self—forget the pleasing picture so utterly that the unpleasing picture also fades before the eyes of that one we would help. The consciousness of giving or accepting drops away and love meets love in true help. T.-J.

ANSWER.—Many times, indeed, we are disappointed in our efforts to help another. Either the time is not ripe for such an effort, or we, ourselves, are to blame for the seeming failure—or, we may be at fault because we expect immediate results.

A story is told of a certain man who, outlawed, fled to the desert and stopped at a pool of brackish water for rest. As he ate a handful of dates he idly cast the seeds about him. These seeds, thus unthinkingly scattered, sprouted and grew into a grove of trees. In after years a prince, descendant of the king who proclaimed the man an outlaw, found much needed rest and comfort within their shade. "Blest be he who planted this grove!" cried the prince. "I know not his name, but in his honor I will call it 'The Grove Of The Blest One.'" F. A. B.

ANSWER.—Forget the rebuff, and do not let it discourage you! You do not need to worry about results. While all channels of communication may seemingly be closed, you still have the power of thought. Besides you never can tell how much good you may have done and the only thing is to keep on trying, if not with this case then with others. Above all, don't worry! G. L. O.

ANSWER.—Inasmuch as our understanding of others is but partial and limited, we must often experience failure in the effort to help, however sincere the motive. The ensuing coldness and rebuff should do much toward enlightening and explaining the other's attitude and view-point, and in such measure as we comprehend we may hope in time to alter and lift it. We do not attain to speech before we have attained to knowledge.

The spirit in which the rebuffs are suffered may prove a veritable revelation of the wisdom of the soul, more compelling than any spoken words. If the life can be visibly lived those in need of our help will seek it, and to those who ask we can give without fear of the result. A. E.

ANSWER.—The experience is a very common one. It may be interpreted, perhaps as a lack of judgment on your part, or as suspicion and misunderstanding on the part of the other person. You have really lost nothing for the good-will you have shown will sooner or later bear fruit. Wait patiently, do not resent the rebuff and all will be well. J. S.

ANSWER.—A sincere desire to help others, while in itself a good thing, should be coupled with judgment and discretion. It may not be amiss to show a readiness and a willingness to help, but there is wisdom in "Davy" Crockett's motto "Be sure you are *right, then* go ahead." There is also a kernel of wisdom in the slang admonition "Don't butt in." J. W. McB

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Convention of The Theosophical Society will be held at the Brevoort Hotel, Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street, New York City, on Saturday, April 27, 1912, beginning at 10.30 A. M.

Branches unable to send personal delegates are requested to forward proxies, for the number of votes to which their membership entitles them under the constitution, to the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Charles Johnston, 387 Ocean Avenue, Flatbush, N. Y. The proxies should be accompanied by a statement of the number of members on the Branch rolls.

All members of the Society, whether Branch delegates or not, are invited to attend the Convention, and those expecting to be present are requested to inform the Secretary, Mrs. Ada Gregg, 159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CHARLES JOHNSTON,
Chairman Executive Committee.

March 1st, 1912.